THE ALAMO

by

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Current Rewrite
by

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1 EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE - NASHVILLE - DAY 1

We hear an ANGRY CROWD shouting, off, as we see a BODY of a MAN, BURNING-

We TIGHTEN to see it is actually a stuffed EFFIGY of a man, hoisted on a pole. We TILT to see the angry CROWD, thronged outside the NASHVILLE INN, MEN screaming-

CROWD
Come on out, Houston!
Coward! Coward!

We see PLACARDS being waved above the crowd-

DEFILER OF WOMEN!

BACK TO THE SAVAGES!

SHAME!!!!!!

We SUPERIMPOSE-

NASHVILLE, TENNESEE

2 INT. ROOM - NASHVILLE INN 2

SAM HOUSTON, 37, broad-shouldered, deeply depressed, stands tossing personal FILES and LETTERS into the FLAMES in the FIREPLACE of his private quarters-

HOUSTON
It is a private affair and I do not recognize the right of the public to interfere in it.

GEORGE HOCKLEY and SHERIFF WILLIAMS stand behind him, looking worried about his mental state-

SHERIFF WILLIAMS
Just tell them something Governor, anything, and the rumors will-

HOUSTON
I am no longer Governor. I have resigned.

HOCKLEY
Madness-

HOUSTON
Madness is the least of the charges that have been raised against me.

He reaches for an ornate PISTOL on the mantel of the fireplace but Hockley snatches it up first. They lock eyes- Houston holds out his hand-

HOUSTON
I'll be taking that with me.

Hockley reluctantly gives it to him-

HOCKLEY
You can't go out there, Sam-

HOUSTON (coolly)
My steamboat departs at noon.

3 EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE - NASHVILLE 3

An older, rabble-rousing politician, BILLY CARROLL, stands on the rear of a WAGON inciting the crowd-

BILLY CARROLL
Wedded but four months and the marriage dissolves?! We must shudder to think of the barbarity, the depravity that this poor child has suffered, the base humiliation to her family, one of Tennessee's finest! What monstrous sin, foul and unspeakable, could drive a man to relinquish the sacred trust of high public office without so much as an exp-

Carroll stops in mid-sentence, realizing that his audience has turned away from him. He lifts his gaze to see THREE MEN crossing the square, the crowd parting to let them through-

CLOSER - SAM HOUSTON

Sam Houston steps through the mob like a man walking to the scaffold, head held high, grim. Hockley and Sheriff Williams follow, carrying his STEAMER TRUNK, both nervously eyeing the crowd-

A few men SPIT, many MUTTER, but none step into Houston's path-

Houston glances up at the now SMOLDERING EFFIGY. A REPORTER steps out, notebook and pen in hand-

REPORTER
Governor, could you-

HOUSTON
I'm a private citizen now.

REPORTER
There had been talk of you succeding Andy Jackson in the White House.

HOUSTON
This should put an end to it.

The reporter has to trot to keep up with Houston's stride-

REPORTER
Could you comment on the statements attributed to your wife and her family?

HOUSTON
Honor precludes me from challenging the word of a lady.

REPORTER
Was it the difference in your ages?

Houston ignores him-

REPORTER
The war wounds?

Houston stops, gives him a sharp look, then lowers his voice conspiratorially-

HOUSTON
Can you keep a secret?

REPORTER (eager)
Of course-

Houston leans down close to the man's ear-

HOUSTON
So can I.

With that he strides away through the crowd, who begin to JEER and shake their fists at him now that his back is turned. Rotten vegetables fly. We SUPERIMPOSE-

HOUSTON

4 INT. THEATER - CU BACKWOODSMAN 4

A MAN looks directly at us, face deadpan under his COONSKIN CAP, a thicket of PINE TREES behind him-

NIMROD
I'm a screamer.

LAUGHTER-

NIMROD
I got the roughest racin horse, the prettiest sister, the surest rifle and the ugliest dog in the district.

We WIDEN to see that the man is dressed in a fringed BUCKSKIN OUTFIT, cradling a long RIFLE in his arms-

NIMROD
I'm a little the savagest critter you ever did see. My old man can lick anybody in Tennessee, and I can lick my old man.

We WIDEN further- the man stands at the front of a STAGE in a SPOTLIGHT, the trees behind him only a PAINTED BACKDROP. We SUPERIMPOSE-

NEW YORK CITY

NIMROD
I can run faster, dive deeper, stay longer under and come out drier than any chap this side of the Big Swamp.

Members of the AUDIENCE keep looking behind to someone-

NIMROD (O.S.)
I can outgrin a panther and ride a lightnin bolt, tote a steamboat oar on my back and whip my weight in wildcats.

We PAN back to see DAVID CROCKETT, a pleasant-looking man of 49 dressed in CITY CLOTHES, a pained smile on his face as he watches-

NIMROD (O.S.)
My name's Nimrod Wildfire and I'm half horse and half alligator with a whiff of harricane throwed into the bargain!

ACTOR

NIMROD
I could tell you folks more, but then I'd be <u>braggin</u>.

LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE. The actor lifts his coonskin cap to acknowlege it, breaking character-

NIMROD
Ladies and gentlemen- my friends- we are honored tonight to have in our presence the very prototype of my character. May I introduce to you the noted Congressman from the Volunteer State-- the Lion of the West-

Crockett stands reluctantly, embarrassed-

ACTOR (O.S.)
-the Gentleman from the Cane----
Colonel David Crockett!

APPLAUSE and CHEERS-

CROCKETT
Thank you--- I 'preciate it-- thank you- they warned me there was some strange sights to see in New York-

LAUGHTER. He turns to indicate the actor-

CROCKETT
Now if I can talk this feller into campaignin for me back in my district, I might stand a chance-

More LAUGHTER-

We SUPERIMPOSE-

CROCKETT

5 INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY 5

A stocky man in his mid-30's, JIM BOWIE, bangs through the swinging doors of BAILEY'S HOTEL, two FRIENDS reluctantly following him. We SUPERIMPOSE-

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA

NORRIS WRIGHT is drinking at the BAR with MADDOX and CRAIN-

BOWIE
I will not tolerate innuendo against my character!

Norris turns very slowy and fixes his eyes on Bowie-

NORRIS WRIGHT
And what character would that be?

Bowie moves forward, Wright's friends shifting away-

BOWIE
You vex me, sir-

NORRIS WRIGHT
I was merely discussing a notorious land-swindler-

Bowie grabs a CHAIR from a table, raises it over his head- Wright pulls a PISTOL from his belt and BLAM! fires-

Bowie staggers back, dropping the chair, his vest SMOULDERING around the bullet hole. He ROARS and charges- WHAM! they hit the ground, Bowie CURSING and pummeling Wright, pinning him with his knees and one hand while fishing a CLASP KNIFE from his pocket, trying vainly to open it with his teeth! The onlooking friends rush forward, Bowie biting into Wright's arm before they can finally tear him free-

BOWIE
Let me finish him! Let me finish the son of a bitch!

Bowie is dragged outside. Maddox examines Wright's bloody arm and Crain wipes blood from his face with a handkerchief-

NORRIS WRIGHT
Did I kill him? Is he dying?

CRAIN
I would hope so.

Maddox plucks a BLOODY TOOTH from Wright's arm-

MADDOX
He left a bit of himself behind-

6 EXT. HOTEL BAR - DAY 6

Bowie's friends prop him against a post and open his shirt. An enormous BRUISE discolors his chest-

WELLS
Didn't even break the skin.

BOWIE (grins)
Just what I've always said of the man- all powder and no ball!

He looks to the half-opened caseknife on the ground beside him-

BOWIE
I need a better knife.

We SUPERIMPOSE-

BOWIE

7 INT. STABLE - NIGHT 7

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS, in his mid-20's, throws a saddle over his HORSE, furtively looking back through the stable doors at the small, darkened HOUSE beyond-

TRAVIS
Shhhh. Easy now-

We SUPERIMPOSE-

CLAIBORNE, ALABAMA

He straps his SADDLEBAG on, the leather scribed with 'W.B. TRAVIS'. He slides a rifle into its sheath.

A NOISE- Travis turns to see his wife, ROSANNA, standing with a LANTERN in hand, unhappy and visibly PREGNANT-

TRAVIS
I woke you. I apologize.

ROSANNA
Like a thief in the night.

TRAVIS (mortified)
They'll have me in jail if I don't leave. A man of my stature in this community- incarcerated for debt-
(he shakes his head)
I will settle with my creditors as soon as I am able.

He swings up into the saddle. No last embrace for these two-

TRAVIS
I didn't want you to witness this.

ROSANNA
And what do I tell Charles?

Travis ponders for a moment-

TRAVIS
Tell him that future events will reveal his father's true character.

He digs his heels in and RIDES away into the darkness-

We SUPERIMPOSE-

TRAVIS

8 EXT. PLAZA - ZACATECAS - DAY - SACK 8

We FOLLOW a burlap SACK as it is passed from hand to hand, each hand reaching in to pull out a single BEAN-

ZACATECANS

Uniformed members of the Zacatecas MILITIA, who range from their teens to early 50's, mixed in with CIVILIAN MEN, are ranged in a long line, each taking a bean and passing the sack on. Some are wounded, all are sweat-soaked and miserable. We SUPERIMPOSE-

CIUDAD DE ZACATECAS

MILITIAMAN

A Militiaman opens his palm to see--- a WHITE BEAN. He exhales with relief-

TEENAGE BOY

A teenage BOY opens his palm to see-- a BLACK BEAN! He starts to cry and mutter a PRAYER in Spanish-

WIDER

We see that we are in a cannon-blasted PLAZA, chunks of adobe wall littering the ground, the line of forty PRISONERS guarded by MEXICAN REGULARS. CRIES of relief or despair as the men choose their fate from the sack-

Weeping FAMILY MEMBERS, mostly women and children, watch from the sides-

A trio of men on HORSEBACK ride into the FG-

REVERSE - MEN

General ANTONIO LÓPEZ de SANTA ANNA is just past forty, handsome in the Tony Curtis mold, impeccably dressed for battle. Beside him is Colonel Juan ALMONTE and just behind, busy scribbling in a NOTEBOOK, is the General's secretary and spin-doctor, ESCOBAR-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Rebellion exacts a terrible price.
Look at these poor wretches--

POV - FACES

We look down the line at the faces of the prisoners, the condemned men holding black beans being yanked forward by a Sargento-

SANTA ANNA (O.S., Spanish)
There is a strange grace that visits
a man who knows he is about to die.

SANTA ANNA, STAFF

Santa Anna and his subordinates look on as the five black bean holders are separated from the others and moved to one side. A very large FIRING SQUAD is forming ranks. Some of the reprieved men wave and call to their loved ones looking on, a few even smiling-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Men in this state can surprise you
with their calm, their courage-

A CAPITÁN approaches, saluting-

CAPITÁN
Listo, mi General.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Execute the ones holding the white
beans.

The Capitán is confused for a moment, then salutes again-

CAPITÁN
A sus órdenes.

The Capitán walks away. We HOLD on the three mounted men, Colonel Almonte visibly upset by the order-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
But General, there are many more white beans-

SANTA ANNA
Precísamente-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
And it is traditional-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
If we follow tradition, the people in this city would remember that it was Fate that took their loved ones.

We hear the Capitán BARK AN ORDER, there is a massive VOLLEY of MUSKET FIRE, followed by WAILING of newly-made widows and orphans-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Instead they will remember that it was Antonio López de Santa Anna.

The General moves his horse forward, passing the Capitán, who supervises as Sargentos move among the pile of DEAD AND WOUNDED administering *coups de grace* with their pistols. The five black bean holders are on their knees, trembling, offering prayers of thanks-

SANTA ANNA (to Capitán, Spanish)
See that no one touches the bodies for a week.

We SUPERIMPOSE-

SANTA ANNA

9 EXT. TEXAS HILL COUNTRY - WIDE SHOT - DAY 9

We shoot DOWN on a huge, beautiful section of TEXAS HILL COUNTRY, a ribbon of STREAM winding through it-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
At first we were few and the Indians were many.

We SUPERIMPOSE-

ESTADO DE TEJAS Y COAHUILA, MEXICO - 1835

10 EXT. STREAM - UNDERWATER, MINNOWS 10

We are UNDERWATER in the stream. A school of MINNOWS wriggles on the bright WATER-SURFACE above us-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
So we invited the gringos to live with us and help us fight them.

ZIP! a large FISH darts into the frame, gulping down a few minnows and scattering the rest. Another bigger fish joins it, then another, and another-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
Some of those who came learned to speak our language and were like brothers. But then more came, and even more, until they outnumbered us and began to do whatever they pleased.

WHOOSH! the fish is trapped in a NET and jerked out of the water-

11 EXT. STREAM 11

JESÚS MONTOYA, a young, barefoot campesino, stands on the bank of the tree-lined stream, pulling the struggling fish from his net-

He tosses the fish onto the grass behind him-

Jesús looks downstream to a young girl, PILAR, scrubbing clothes on the opposite bank-

JESÚS (Spanish, shy)
How is your father?

PILAR (Spanish)
He's better.

Jesús works up his courage-

JESÚS (Spanish)
If he permits- I would like to visit-

PILAR (Spanish)
He would appreciate a visit.

JESÚS (Spanish)
I meant- I would like to visit <u>you</u>-

PILAR (Spanish)
Your net.

Pilar points. Jesús sees, pulls the net in. Another shiny FISH is caught in it. He looks over to Pilar, smiling- but Pilar is looking at something further upstream. He follows her gaze-

A half-dozen mounted Mexican SOLDIERS walk their horses across the river. A SUBTENIENTE sees Jesús, turns his mount-

Pilar quickly gathers up the wet clothes-

Jesús drops the fish on the bank, frozen for a long moment, then bolts away! The Subteniente gallops down the shallow stream, swinging a LASSO over his head and tossing it-

SNAP! Jesús is yanked back into the water!

Pilar looks on, terrified, as the other soldiers behind her offer appreciative WHISTLES AND CATCALLS-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
What's your name, kid?

JESÚS (struggling to his feet)
Jesús Montoya.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
You married?

Jesús shoots a look across to Pilar-

JESÚS (Spanish)
No. But my family-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish, smiling)
Your family will be very proud of you, *chico*. We're going to Béxar to punish the gringos.

The Subteniente turns his horse to haul Jesús upstream. Pilar raises her hand in a worried goodbye-

FISH

The abandoned fish works its gills as it lays on the bank-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
Then General Santa Anna made himself Protector of the Nation.

12 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - SAN ANTONIO DE BÉXAR 12

GUNFIRE crackles from every direction. Jesús wanders confused, lugging a POWDER BARREL in his arms as SOLDIERS run to their posts at the four BARRICADED corners of the plaza at the center of BÉXAR, a Spanish-style town of low, white-washed adobe buildings-

JESÚS (V.O)
He suspended our Congress and collected taxes and outlawed the slavery of Africans and said that no more foreigners could come into our country.

Rifle balls PING! off walls and kick up dirt. We SUPERIMPOSE-

SAN ANTONIO de BÉXAR

Jesús bumps into a SARGENTO-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
¡Carajo! Get that thing away from me!

JESÚS (Spanish)
Where do I take it?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
To the barricade! Go!

The Sargento gives him a push and Jesús stumbles away-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
But it was not until he sent an army a thousand soldiers among us-

Ahead of him he sees another confused CONSCRIPT, about to deliver his powder barrel to a CANNON CREW at one of the barricades-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-that Texas became a Hell.

KABOOM! A ball hits the barrel and the conscript disappears in the great EXPLOSION!

Jesús flattens himself on the ground. THUMP! a SHOE with a large chunk of FOOT still in it lands next to him. Jesús crosses himself-

13 EXT. BÉXAR STREET - DAY - OVERHEAD ANGLE 13

An AERIAL SHOT as we drift over the town of Béxar. Across the river in the distance we see the crumbling walls of the ALAMO-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
The Seguíns, the Navarros, the Esparzas-

As we float over the center of town we see door-to-door FIGHTING at the edges of the main plaza, TEXIANS and MEXICAN SOLDIERS popping out from doorways and windows to shoot at each other, separated by only a few yards. There seem to be several Mexicans without uniforms on the Texian side-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-many of them joined the gringos when they attacked the army in Béxar.

GROUND LEVEL

TEXIANS dart across the street, are fired upon, scurry back to their original cover-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
But the greatest number of people were like me-

14 EXT. STREET, BÉXAR, ZAMBRANO ROW - DAY 14

A frightened OLD MEXICAN WOMAN sits on the ground holding her hands over her head, rocking slowly as MUSKET BALLS kick off the walls of ZAMBRANO'S ROW behind her-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-and only wished to be left in peace.

HENRY KARNES races past her, dodging bullets, then sprints across the street and LEAPS into a DOORWAY as the sill is SPLINTERED by a shot!

15 INT. ROOM - ZAMBRANO ROW, BÉXAR - DAY 15

Karnes rolls into the room where BEN MILAM, JUAN SEGUÍN and a dozen other TEXIANS are whaling away at the wall separating them from the next room, using a table leg and an axe to open a hole-

BEN MILAM
Where'd you come from?

KARNES
I been pretty much anywhere's you could get shot at. Don't recommend the journey.

SEGUÍN
Did you see Grant and his men?

KARNES
No, sir, I didn't. But I spect they got more sense than I do.
(points to the hole)
That's gonna be our only way down the street-

BEN MILAM (raising his arm)
Hold off a minute!

The men stop chopping. SOUNDS come from the other side of the wall- a muffled Chunk! Chunk! Chunk!

COLORADO
They're trying to get to us too.

FLYNN
Charge your rifles, boys, and stand back-

FLYNN, an Irishman, has a huge LOG in hand. The Texians grab their rifles. Flynn charges the wall- WHAM! the whole WALL COLLAPSES away from them, falling to reveal a dozen stunned MEXICAN SOLDIERS amid the adobe dust!

BEN MILAM
Get em!

RIFLES and MUSKETS are fired, the Texians and Mexicans attack each other with knives, bayonets, pistols, fists and teeth-

16 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA, BÉXAR - JESÚS 16

Jesús wields a CHISEL and a MALLET, knocking the leg SHACKLES off a string of CONVICTS as the Subteniente supervises-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
Every one of you grab a musket and shot. If you don't know how to shoot, wait until they're close enough for the bayonet-

An unshackled CONVICT loads an old Brown Betsy MUSKET and mutters to the man being freed by Jesús-

CONVICT (Spanish)
I'm not dying for these assholes. When we see the gringos, yell 'Fuck Santa Anna!' and drop your rifle.

We PAN to pick up the garrison commander, General MARTÍN PERFECTO de COS, passing on horseback with his *segundo*, José SÁNCHEZ-NAVARRO. Cos is a natty little man with a neat moustache and a tiny gold earring in each ear-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
Pull everybody back into the Alamo! Use these degenerates as the rear guard-

17 EXT. VERAMENDI HOUSE, BÉXAR - LATE AFTERNOON 17

JAMES GRANT, SAM MAVERICK, Juan Seguín, FRANK JOHNSON and a few other OFFICERS are out in the COURTYARD of the Veramendi house as Ben Milam turns his spyglass to the 'fort' across the river. Grant, a Scotsman, kneels drawing a crude map of the Alamo in the dirt-

DR. GRANT
They've all fallen back into the ruins-

SAM MAVERICK
I wouldn't want to have to charge into that artillery.

FRANK JOHNSON
If we come at them from all sides, spread out their fire-

BEN MILAM

Milam pans the spyglass across the Alamo walls-

SAM MAVERICK (O.S.)
There are hundreds of men inside those walls-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
Men who want to go home alive.

SPYGLASS POV - ALAMO

The muzzles of a few CANNON poke over the low west wall of the Alamo fortress-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
If we offer them honorable terms of surrender-

Milam TILTS the glass down to see the TREES at the far edge of the nearby river and suddenly there is a FLASH!

BEN MILAM (O.S.)
Oh Lord-

MILAM, COURTYARD

WHAP! A RIFLE BALL hits Milam square in the forehead, knocking him to the ground!

DR. GRANT
In the trees!

All the armed Texians aim and FIRE across the river-

The VOLLEY clips branches from a tree. A SNIPER falls, hits the bank, rolls into the water-

The Texians turn to see their leader. Ben Milam is laid out on the courtyard, a pool of BLOOD spreading around his head-

SAM MAVERICK
Let's go get the sonsabitches.

18 INT. TAVERN - SAN FELIPE - CU CRATE 18

Someone pulls a couple BOTTLES OF WHISKEY out of a crate-

PAW (O.S.)
Don't see why you'd want to pick a fight with the Mexicans, seein as they invited us here in the first place.

We SUPERIMPOSE-

SAN FELIPE DE AUSTIN

WIDER

A sour-pussed tavernkeeper, PAW, bangs the bottles down on the counter of a ramshackle frontier TAVERN--

PAW
We were doin just fine till alla these land grabbers and treasure hunters come.

His son MATT, a Texian teenager, reaches around an unconscious BARFLY to pick up the bottles as Paw begins to wipe the counter with a cloth-

PAW
You run those over to that so-called Consultation and git right back.

Paw lifts the Barfly's head up to wipe the counter under it- we see that it is Jim Bowie, passed out!

PAW
Put that damn disgrace Houston in charge of the whole deal-- it's like ever bit of trash blows outa the South comes to rest in Texas!

He lets Bowie's head down with a THUMP-

19 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 19

We're on the only street of a river town of a few painted HOUSES and many more log and plank CABINS. A HOG roots for something to eat-

MATT (V.O)
Most folks was flattered when Sam Houston said he'd be the General for the Regular Army-

Matt steps out of the tavern with the bottles and stops in his tracks, seeing something-

Sam Houston, dressed now in a MILITARY COSTUME that is part frontier, part Indian and part vaquero, strides toward us-

MATT (V.O)
-him bein the hero of Horseshoe Bend and the governor of a whole state and all.

We see that he is being dogged by none other than young William Barett Travis-

MATT (V.O)
While others like my Paw thought he was just another War Dog in it for gold and glory.

Travis' black manservant, JOE, follows carrying a leather satchel. We TRACK with them as they pass Matt-

TRAVIS
I envison a Legion of Cavalry, Sir, a force of at least four hundred men, divided into six companies- a mounted troop that gives us mobility, communication, the ability to strike and retreat quickly-

HOUSTON (not interested)
I suggest you put all this in writing.

TRAVIS
I have taken the liberty of doing that already, sir.

Travis holds his hand out and Joe pulls out a packet of PAPERS that he passes on to Houston-

TRAVIS
All the specifications are laid out, including a suggestion for the design of the uniforms. And if I might be so bold as to offer my own services as-

HOUSTON (takes papers)
I thank you for your enterprise, friend. If you'll excuse me, now-

Houston strides away, leaving Travis behind-

TRAVIS
But Sir-

HOUSTON (muttering)
A lawyer at the head of our cavalry-- God save Texas!

20 INT. CONSULTATION CABIN - DAY 20

A bored and irritable-looking group of TEXIAN COUNCILMEN sit on benches listening to JAMES ROBINSON drone through a long-winded speech-

MATT (V.O)
Our Provisional Governor had dissolved the Consultation Council, but they said they'd impeached him first-

COX, a portly delegate, eases over to an open side window-

MATT (V.O)
-so there was some debate over who was in charge of all the money that hadn't been raised yet.

Cox sees Matt approaching, waves-

MATT (V.O)
Paw said the only good thing about politics was it made a man thirsty.

COX
What took you? It's a desert in here.

Cox grabs the whiskey from Matt and offers a bit of paper SCRIP in payment. We hear the DRONE of a long-winded SPEECH from behind him-

MATT (eyeing the paper)
Paw said he won't take no scrip nor promise notes-

COX
It's his patriotic duty-

MATT
He reckons you can take your patriotic duty and plug it where the bugs won't go.

Cox scowls and hands Matt a few GOLD MEXICAN COINS-

COX
Profiteering at a time like this-

Matt looks the coins over-

MATT
This one's got that Santa Anna stamped on it.

COX
Not for long, sonny.

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Texas cries out for you!

They both look up the street- we SHIFT to see Sam Houston up on the back of a WAGON in the distance, haranguing a gathering CROWD-

COX
Man couldn't find a turd in an toilet bowl, he's gonna raise us an army.

21 EXT. STREET, HOUSTON 21

Houston wipes sweat from his face with a handkerchief, struggling to keep his act together in front of the dubious LOCALS and NEWCOMERS-

HOUSTON
The Hour of Judgement is at hand, the dictator Santa Anna sends his minions to smite us! Your Army needs men-

A RECRUITING SERGEANT stands beneath Houston, behind a table with an open MUSTER BOOK before him-

HOUSTON
-men of firm resolve and steely eye-

The pages are blank.

CROWD

Matt comes up to join the crowd, fascinated by Houston's mix of purple prose and simple folksiness, stopping beside a frowning William Travis-

HOUSTON (O.S.)
-men of courage and vision-

HOUSTON

Houston looks over the rabble in front of him-

HOUSTON
Though right now I'd settle for a few dozen of you sorry specimens.

LAUGHTER from most of the men. Houston presses ahead-

HOUSTON
This is the time to show what you're made of, fellas. We have dared to stand up for our rights and thus wakened the sleeping dragon of tyranny! Only a well-equipped, disciplined, expertly trained force of Texians and our Tejano brethren-

Houston bows to a group of TEJANO MEN watching from the periphery-

HOUSTON
-under sober and experienced leadership, of course-

More LAUGHTER from the scruffiest-looking segment of the crowd. Houston fixes them with a glare-

HOUSTON
-can turn back this invasion and win for us the freedom that we so ardently cherish!

SNOPES, a buckskinned newcomer with a long rifle slung over his shoulder, calls out to Houston-

SNOPES
I don't see why we're jawin here when the fightin men's all over in Béxar.

Some muttered AGREEMENT from the crowd. Houston smiles patiently-

HOUSTON
My friend, the molten lakes of Hades will freeze solid before that band of reprobates launch an attack!

TUBBS, a decrepit drunk in his forties, staggers forward-

TUBBS
Hell- I'll throw in with you!

HOUSTON
Sign the man up! I might remind you that each new recruit will receive six hundred and forty acres of prime Texas land for only one year's service!

Three more men step toward the Recruiting Sergeant-

HOUSTON
That's the spirit! Are there any more patriots in San Felipe? Who's ready to strike a blow for freedom?

A SHOT rings out. Houston and the others turn as SEVERAL DOZEN TEXIANS ride into town, WHOOPING and FIRING pistols into the air!

Travis and Matt step aside as a RIDER gallops past him, WHOOPING. It is Deaf Smith, one arm in a bloody sling-

DEAF SMITH
We done it! We whupped the Mexicans!

Houston's face falls as he realizes what has happened-

MATT (V.O)
The boys had been camped outside Béxar so long-

Matt, grinning, turns around and around as more victorious Texians ride into town-

MATT (V.O)
-nobody figured they'd actually go in and get it.

James Grant and Frank Johnson arrive-

MATT (V.O)
It were a great day for Texas-

GRANT

Grant is shouting out orders to the whooping men around him-

DR. GRANT
Speed is of the essence, laddies! We need horses, wagons, beef cattle-

FRANK JOHNSON
Get those powder kegs from Ryan's place!

Sam Houston calls from the back of the wagon-

HOUSTON
Planning an excursion, Dr. Grant?

DR. GRANT
That we are. Matamoros!

FRANK JOHNSON
We gonna pick that customs house clean!

Houston waits for the joyous WHOOPS of agreement to die down-

HOUSTON
I must inform you that all supplies of a military nature have been claimed by the Regular Army of-

FRANK JOHNSON (interupts)
You can pretend you're ridin this pony, but we're the army now, Sam. We took Béxar and we're goin south to take Matamoros and who knows what else before we're through!

More WHOOPING-

HOUSTON (to Grant)
An opportunity, no doubt, for Dr. Grant to reclaim his land holdings. The ones the Mexicans have impounded-

DR. GRANT (defensive)
That has nothing to do with this!

HOUSTON
Three hundred miles of barren ground, Comanche bucks out there looking for trouble-

DR. GRANT
Ye'll not stop us, Houston!

More WHOOPS and PISTOL FIRE as a new contingent of men, most of these dressed in the NEW ORLEANS GREYS uniforms we saw scattered among the forces in Béxar, ride into town. Grant yanks his horse away as most of his men scatter to grab provisions or follow Sam Maverick to the tavern-

SAM MAVERICK
Drinks are on me fellas!

Tubbs grabs the pen from the recruiting sergeant and crosses out his name as the other potential recruits hurry after Grant-

HOUSTON
You men! Get back here!

Houston hops down and starts after them as Juan Seguín dismounts, shaking his head-

SEGUÍN
These *pendejos* think it's over.

HOUSTON
Who's left in Béxar?

SEGUÍN
The sick and the wounded, the ones with no horses to ride-

HOUSTON
Damnation!

He turns and sees Matt watching him-

HOUSTON
Have you seen Jim Bowie?

22 INT. TAVERN 22

The room is packed to the rafters with CELEBRATING MEN. Houston steps in and we FOLLOW him through the crowd, scowling as he passes James Grant and a circle of admirers-

DR. GRANT
Wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes, he will dominate. The Mexicans are great ones for fancy uniforms and military airs, but there's nae a true warrior among em-

Houston looks around, sees-

POV - BOWIE, MEN

At the end of the bar sits Jim Bowie, with the annoyed look of the suddenly-awaked on his face, with Deaf Smith and Sam Maverick on either side-

CLOSER

DEAF SMITH
'Who'll go into Béxar with old Ben Milam!' he shouts and half the fellas shout back 'I will!'

SAM MAVERICK
Too bad he didn't live to see that white flag.

BOWIE
Dead?

Deaf Smith points between his eyes-

DEAF SMITH
From across the river. Hell of a shot.

BOWIE
Bastard owed me for two thousand acres-

SAM MAVERICK
You have clear title on em?

BOWIE
No, but it's the principle of the thing. This whole deal is such a damn mess- you got federalistas, centralistas, independistas and six assholes who want to bring the King of Spain back fightin over they don't even know what. Now you finally have a decent scrap and I miss it by two days! Ben Milam?! I was camped outside of Béxar freezin my butt off for three months and nobody had the *cojones* to lead an attack, while that pipsqueak brother-in-law of Santa Anna's makes headquarters in my house and drinks up all my liquor!

SAM MAVERICK (shakes his head)
Yeah. Wasn't a drop left.

BOWIE
You were in my house?

Maverick and Smith look at each other, hoping the other will break the news-

DEAF SMITH
They had artillery, Jim. We needed to duck in somewhere.

BOWIE
Artillery.

SAM MAVERICK
A mite more accurate than usual. It was so close.

Bowie curses-

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Gentlemen-

The two heros look up to see Houston standing over them-

HOUSTON
I need to have a word with Mr. Bowie.

DEAF SMITH
Sure thing, Sam.

They clear out, leaving Bowie grumbling-

BOWIE
If I'd been running it we could have taken Béxar two months ago.

HOUSTON
Volunteers.

BOWIE
I've got half a mind to join this outfit heading for Matamoros-

HOUSTON
A mob of freebooters-

BOWIE
Santa Anna arrests the Governor in Saltillo and everything I own on paper goes up in smoke! Did you know I was once the biggest landholder in the state of Louisiana?

HOUSTON
'Bowie Claims'.

BOWIE
They would have held up if some little pencil-pusher hadn't-

HOUSTON
They would have held up if you'd learned a bit more Spanish before you forged those land grants.

Bowie scowls, not happy that Houston knows the whole deal-

BOWIE
I'm broke, Sam.

Houston sits beside him-

BOWIE (morose)
Everything I had here was through my wife's family. Now that they're all gone---

HOUSTON
I need you to go back to Béxar for me.

Bowie looks at him-

BOWIE
I'm not joining your army.

HOUSTON
I'm not asking you to. Look, the only way to get all your land deals back is if we take Texas from the Mexicans, free and clear.

Houston indicates the Grant party-

HOUSTON
These people chase a bunch of jailbirds and conscripts out of the territory and they think it's done with. How's our friend Santa Anna going to take it when that brother-in-law crawls home with his tail between his legs?

BOWIE
What do you want?

HOUSTON
I need you to take some good men to Béxar and bring those cannon in the Alamo back here.

ROBINSON (O.S.)
Fellow Texians! Heroes of Béxar!

They turn to look- JAMES ROBINSON, Cox and a half-dozen Texian COUNCILMEN stand uncomfortably in the center of the tavern. Celebrants stop whatever they're doing to watch, sensing that something big is about to go down-

ROBINSON
We've come from a special meeting of the Provisional Government- we have voted to endorse the expedition to Matamoros!

WHOOPING and POUNDING of fists on wood as the Béxar veterans react. Houston waits till it dies down-

HOUSTON
Idiocy.

Robinson turns to face him-

ROBINSON
You have an objection, Mr. Houston?

HOUSTON
I am so very tired of watching scoundrels attempt to subvert this enterprise for their own gain! To let a handful of filibusters out to fill their pockets ride off with our-

ROBINSON
You, sir, have been relieved of your military duties!

Houston is stunned, speechless-

ROBINSON
As voted unanimously by the Council. If you wish to serve Texas, you are requested to proceed to Indian Territory and serve as our ambassador to the red man. A task, I believe, that is more in line with your talents.

A BUZZ throughout the room as this public humiliation registers-

ROBINSON
The Regular Army will be formed in Goliad under the command of James Fannin.

Robinson turns to indicate a mild-looking man in his thirties, JAMES FANNIN, who smiles a bit too eagerly at the surrounding Texians-

ROBINSON
Colonel Fannin has attended the military academy at West Point. Should it be necessary after Matamoros is ours, he will-

HOUSTON
Matamoros! They'll be slaughtered and Texas will be defenseless!

ROBINSON
If we'd followed your advice, sir, Béxar would still be in the hands of the enemy.

Robinson nods to the Béxar veterans-

ROBINSON
I wish you all a good evening.

Robinson turns and the Councilmen follow him toward the door, William Travis peeling off from the bar to dog his heels-

TRAVIS
Sir? Have you considered my proposal for the Legion of Cavalry?

HOUSTON, BOWIE

Bowie glares at the departing functionaries-

BOWIE
Bunch of piss-ants.

Houston looks around the tavern-

MEN

Most of the men turn away, embarrassed for him. James Grant catches his eye from across the room and raises his glass in a mocking toast-

HOUSTON, BOWIE

BOWIE
The whole Provisional Government isn't worth a pitcher of warm spit.

Houston has a strange, bitter look on his face-

HOUSTON
Get to the Alamo, Jim. If it can't be defended, blow the damned place up!

23 EXT. ALAMO - MORNING 23

We see the walls of the ALAMO- a WHITE FLAG has been raised over the chapel-

JESÚS (V.O)
The gringos let us keep a few muskets-

GATE

The defeated MEXICAN GARRISON trudge out through the main gate and down the south road, heckled on all sides by TEXIANS-

JESÚS (V.O)
-and told us to leave our wounded behind and march for the Río Bravo-

CAMP FOLLOWERS lower their heads and stay close to the soldiers, terrified of the Texians. Jesús passes by with his unit, eyes forward, nervous as the gringo men step close to JEER. He is carrying an old MUSKET but is still barefoot-

JESÚS (V.O)
-after making us swear on the Holy Cross that we would never come back.

General Cos rides stiffly past Jesús, tight-lipped as one victorious Texian shakes his bare BUTT from the wall behind. Cos turns to glare at his tormentors-

JESÚS (V.O)
General Cos refused to accept food and water from the gringos-

24 EXT. SCRUBLANDS - DAY - WIDE SHOT 24

The defeated MEXICAN GARRISON from Béxar- with CAMP FOLLOWERS almost a thousand people- looks tiny dwarfed by the vast scrubby desert that surrounds them. BUZZARDS WHEEL over their heads-

JESÚS (V.O)
-so the walk from Béxar was very difficult-

CLOSER

A dozen exhausted MEXICAN SOLDIERS ring around, looking at something on the ground-

JESÚS (V.O)
-even before the Comanches discovered our column.

The BODIES of three MEN, stripped and MUTILATED, are spread-eagled on the ground-

Jesús, standing next to the Sargento, holds his nose against the smell-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
This is what happens to stragglers.

He starts away, Jesús following him-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Sergeant, when can I leave?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
You want to end up like that?

JESÚS (Spanish)
Since we're not fighting and there is nothing left to carry, I thought-

A TRUMPET sounds. All heads turn-

DUST rises ahead- a huge ARMY is marching toward them across the mesquite-dotted scrubland!

The soldiers stand with mouths agape. The Sargento grins, slaps Jesús on the back-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Maybe you're going home after all, kid.

Dusty, tired, Santa Anna's TROOPS move forward on foot and on horseback-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
Then, very close to the Rio Nueces we ran into General Santa Anna's army.

A squadron of DRAGOONS ride past a unit of Yucatecan INDIANS-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
There were more people than I had ever seen, from every part of Mexico-

General Santa Anna, surrounded by his OFFICERS and followed by a wagon holding CAGES full of FIGHTING COCKS, rides proudly on a magnificent HORSE laden with silver-studded saddle and tack-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-and General Santa Anna was like-

Santa Anna signals to HALT as they pull up beside General Cos-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-was like a god.

Cos salutes him stiffly-

COS (Spanish)
We were without supplies, my General. And these men- they're useless-

Santa Anna cuts him off-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
My wife asks me to give her useless brother a job and what happens? I end up in this shithole Texas again.

COS
Pero-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Get them turned around.

25 EXT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - BÉXAR - DAY 25

A half-dozen of his CRONIES ride on as Jim Bowie dismounts in front of the battle-scarred Veramendi house. Down the street TEJANO FAMILIES are returning-

26 INT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - DAY 26

Bowie walks through the house, evidence of the struggle- holes in roof and walls, empty liquor bottles, torn paper cartridges scattered everywhere. He sits heavily on the one unbroken chair, looking out into the rear COURTYARD-

The SKY starts to DIM as we TRACK out into the yard. We FADE UP the sound of a small ORCHESTRA playing *Come to the Bower-*

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 27

PAPER LANTERNS hang from the arbor, the five-man ORCHESTRA PLAYS, Tejano WEDDING GUESTS chat as Sam serves DRINKS. Bowie wears his wedding coat, chatting with Juan Seguín and his father-in-law, Juan Martín de VERAMENDI. He turns to see-

URSULA, a beautiful 18-year-old Bexareña, steps onto the patio in her wedding dress, her sister JUANA by her side. The guests APPLAUD politely but Ursula only has eyes for her husband, crossing to meet him in the center of the patio. They begin to DANCE-

We hold tight on Bowie's face as he moves, incredibly happy. The SKY begins to LIGHTEN-

WIDER (PRESENT)

It is DAY, and Bowie stands alone in the courtyard, the ruined arbor behind him. He hears something, turns- Sam stands in the back doorway, pointing to a patch of ground-

SAM
That sposed to be where Mister Ben Milam got shot.

Bowie looks down to the large BLOODSTAIN at his feet-

BOWIE
Find me something to drink, Sam.

28 EXT. PLAZA DE ISLETA - BÉXAR - DAY 28

TEXIANS, many of them drunk, loll about the square, chatting up PROSTITUTES in front of the CANTINA, shooting dice against the walls of buildings, bargaining for tamales with LOCAL WOMEN. Some men bet on a DRAG RACE between a pair of BURROS.

Into this unmilitary scene rides William Travis, with Joe behind him. He passes Juan Seguín, debating with his friend, old DON JOSÉ PELAEZ-

PELAEZ (Spanish)
Why are you fighting for these scum?

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
We're fighting for the same cause. Santa Anna has betrayed our revolution, he's murdered thousands in Zacatecas. All Mexicans- women, children-

PELAEZ (Spanish)
But Santa Anna only wants to rule Mexico. These-

Pelaez waves his hand out toward the boisterous Texians-

PELAEZ (Spanish)
-these want the world.

TRAVIS

William Travis stops his horse by three extremely dissipated-looking VOLUNTEERS who sit on the ground with their backs against a wall, an empty whiskey bottle beside them--

TRAVIS
You men! Who's on guard duty?

CONLEY (cheerfully)
We are.

GRIMES
We're guarding private Flynn here until he can walk again.

FLYNN
I can walk very well, thank ye. I merely choose not to.
(to Travis)
And whom, sor, might you be?

TRAVIS
Travis. Lieutenant Colonel Travis.

BOWIE (O.S.)
Lieutenant Colonel.

Travis turns in his saddle to see Jim Bowie approaching, bottle in hand, nearly as drunk as the three on the ground-

BOWIE
You're moving up in the world, Buck.

TRAVIS (humorless)
I command the Legion of Cavalry.

Just then eighteen dusty CAVALRYMEN walk their horses into the square. The men on the ground start to LAUGH-

BOWIE
Is that it?

TRAVIS (mortified)
A few deserted on the way here. They shall be punished.

BOWIE
That damned Scotsman didn't leave much, but you're welcome to whatever provision you can find before you go.

TRAVIS
We're not going anywhere.

BOWIE
Houston sent me to-

TRAVIS
As you well know, Mr. Houston is no longer in command. And the Provisional Government has entrusted me with this- this errand.

Travis looks around, clearly unhappy with his mission-

TRAVIS
Insignificant as this garrison may be, I am in command here.

BOWIE
Are you now?

Bowie steps nose-to-nose with Travis-

BOWIE
A man that would run out on his own family--

Travis struggles not to take a swing-

TRAVIS
My personal matters are none of your affair, sir. I have repaid my debts.

BOWIE (grins)
What do you think, fellas?

GRIMES
I'd sooner take orders from his darky.

Joe looks away so his master won't be doubly humiliated-

JOE (V.O.)
The folks in Bayhar wasn't so high on Mister William bein they boss.

29 EXT. PLAZA, BÉXAR - LATER 29

A THRONG of TEXIANS and a few TEJANOS have gathered outside a CANTINA in the corner of the main square. Many are WOUNDED or SICK, helping to prop each other up-

JOE (V.O)
They hadn't signed no army papers, an unlike me, they was free to come and go.

They face a TABLE where Sam Maverick and JESSE BADGETT are running a meeting-

SAM MAVERICK
Those of you that are signed on with the Regular Army, raise your hands!

Maybe a THIRD of the men, mostly on the left side of the group, raise their hands. The others look at them derisively-

SAM MAVERICK
You fellas come under the command of Colonel Travis here-

There is an audible MOAN from a few of the men. Travis stands stiffly to one side of the table, mortified, with JAMES BONHAM and several of his tiny CAVALRY UNIT behind him-

Bowie stands with a glass of whiskey in hand, leaning against the wall of the cantina, grinning-

SAM MAVERICK (O.S.)
Most of the rest of you are volunteers and used to voting for your officers. So you just come up here and grab a ballot--

Young WILEY, his thigh wrapped in a dirty, bloody bandage, leans against the wall beside a MEXICAN SOLDIER on crutches-

MEXICAN SOLDIER (Spanish)
What are they doing now?

WILEY (Spanish)
We don't know who's in charge.

MEXICAN SOLDIER (shakes his head, Spanish)
Unbelievable.

30 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - NIGHT 30

Travis, Joe, and about 40 REGULARS enter the Alamo courtyard, most leading HORSES. LANTERNS hang from the various walls, throwing long SHADOWS over the ground-

JOE (V.O)
Mister William come off with the short end, and we had to put up in the ruins outside of town.

We hear SHOUTING, MUSIC, and GUNFIRE in the far distance-

TRAVIS
Get the horses squared away and then find yourselves some shelter, gentlemen. We'll be staying here until the disturbance in town has abated.

He gives his horse to Joe and climbs the ramp at the southwest corner. James Butler Bonham stands by the 18-pounder, looking across the river at Béxar, the SOUNDS of a blowout much LOUDER from here-

BONHAM
Celebrating Mr. Bowie's election.

TRAVIS
It would seem so.

They listen for another moment, then Travis turns to leave-

TRAVIS
Post sentries around the perimeter. The festivities may get out of hand.

31 INT. CANTINA, BÉXAR - NIGHT 31

Sam carries a fresh bottle of whiskey past local VAQUEROS and REDNECK TEXIANS, busy knocking back the local rotgut. Grimes is trying to sell his long rifle to the world-weary DUEÑO of the bar in exchange for two bottles of tequila-

GRIMES
This here'll knock the whiskers off a chipmunk at two hundred yards. Mwee bwayno escopayta-

DUEÑO
Con balas.

FLYNN
He wants you to throw some shot into the bargain.

We continue with Sam toward Bowie's table in the corner-

SAM MAVERICK
If this country is gonna prosper we need darkies to pick the cotton- lots of em. But if we become a state in the U.S., the Slave Act--

CONLEY
Every law has got a loophole. You made quite a pile smugglin Africans, didn't you Jim?

Sam's face is impassive as he pours a shot of whiskey into Bowie's glass from the new bottle. Bowie is distracted, brooding-

BOWIE
Used to buy em for a dollar a pound from old Jean LaFitte down in Galvez Town. Float em up through the back bayous into Louisiana-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
Santiago-

Bowie looks up to see Juan Seguin, grins-

BOWIE
¡Amigo! ¿Quiéres tomar un trago conmigo?

Seguin steps close and whispers in Bowie's ear. Bowie's expression grows cold. He stands unsteadily-

BOWIE
Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me- I must make a *reconnaissance*.

32 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 32

It has begun to DRIZZLE, the CELEBRATION continuing in the distance. Bowie, Seguín and a few TEJANOS walk stealthily through OLD GRAVE MARKERS, pistols and rifles in hand. They come into the FOREGROUND, suddenly FREEZING when they hear a HORSE WHINNY. Bowie decides to risk it-

BOWIE
¿Quién está?

Nothing. He tries again-

BOWIE
Somebody there?

CROCKETT (O.S.)
That depends.

The Tejanos crouch lower, finding larger headstones to cover behind. Bowie remains where he is-

BOWIE
Depends on what?

CROCKETT (O.S.)
You Americans?

BOWIE
Texians.

CROCKETT (O.S.)
I spose that'll have to do. Ease up on them firearms-

BOWIE (to the Tejanos)
No disparen.

Crockett and his party of a DOZEN, long rifles in hand, step out of the dark and surround Bowie's men-

CROCKETT
I couldn't tell who was making that ruckus in town. We're the Tennessee Mounted Volunteers.
(offers his hand)
David Crockett-

BOWIE
Crockett of Tennessee?

CROCKETT (resigned)
Yeah- that one.

33 EXT. TENT CAMP, INDIAN TERRITORY - NIGHT 33

RAIN falls hard on a line of ARMY TENTS, a few SENTRY FIRES provide flickering illumination. A pair of CHEROKEE MEN wrapped in blankets step past us. We SUPERIMPOSE-

CHEROKEE NATION

HORSE (Cherokee)
He gets with these white people and he drinks. Of course, none of them can hold their liquor-

BLOWS HARD (Cherokee)
We're not going to find him.

34 INT. TENT - NIGHT 34

Young American Army Captain DAVIS sits writing a letter by the light of an oil lamp. He hears something, looks up-

Sam Houston, wild-haired and in need of a shave, stands unsteadily just inside the tent flap. He is naked but for the soaked Indian blanket he holds around his body. He wears Cherokee earrings and a neck plate, his thigh bearing an oozing, half-moon-shaped ABSCESS-

He spreads his arms and speaks in a theatrical baritone-

HOUSTON
'On me the tempest falls, but does not make me tremble. Holy Mother Earth, behold me, for I am wronged!'

DAVIS
I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, sir. I'm Captain Davis-

Houston sits heavily on the floor in the far corner of the tent, shaking his head woefully-

DAVIS
And you are--- ?

HOUSTON
Have you been to Texas, Captain?

DAVIS
In Mexico? No, I have not had that opportunity-

HOUSTON (fading)
A land of infinite possibility--

DAVIS
I hear it's very beautiful.

HOUSTON (dreamily)
Texas- Texas could be the redemption of us all!

He curls up on the floor and promptly falls asleep. Davis watches him for a moment, then turns as Blows Hard ducks his head into the tent, sees Houston-

BLOWS HARD (calling, Cherokee)
He's in here!

DAVIS
Is he one of yours or one of ours?

Sam Houston begins to SNORE-

35 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP, SCRUBLANDS - NIGHT 35

No rain here. A SENTRY paces at the outskirts of the MEXICAN CAMP, shivering, as CAMPFIRES burn in the BG. We hear GUITARS, voices SINGING in Spanish-

COCKPIT

A COCKPIT dug into the dry ground, ringed by TORCHES. A pair of HANDLERS kneel by their GAMECOCKS, one brown, one white-

The first puts the comb of his bird into his mouth, sucking blood into it while the other man straps a razor-sharp SPUR onto his bird's heel-

General Santa Anna sits with Cos, Almonte, Escobar and several other OFFICERS on canvas field chairs, looking down into the cockpit-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Begin.

We hear the SQUAWKING and SCRABBLING of the cocks fighting, FEATHERS flying in front of the officers! We TIGHTEN on Santa Anna, watching dreamily. Escobar writes in his notebook as the General pontificates-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
I heard that his wife deserted him.

ALMONTE (Spanish)
There was a scandal, yes.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
He has a wound that never heals. She was disgusted by this-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
I met Houston in their capital. A great orator.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Who disgraced himself and ran away. What kind of man gives up power for a woman?

Jesús kneels at ringside squeamishly watching the cocks tear each other apart. He flinches as he is spritzed with BLOOD-

SANTA ANNA (O.S., Spanish)
Our people in Texas will join us in defeating him.

The FIGHTING ENDS-

HANDLER (O.S., Spanish)
The brown one wins!

Crockett looks up to see Travis-

CROCKETT
Guilty.

Another LAUGH from the onlookers-

BOWIE, CRONIES

Bowie looks across the plaza as Travis and Crockett detach and begin to walk together-

GRIMES
I hear he killed over a hunnert redskins in just one year.

CONLEY
Naw, that was bears-

GRIMES
Well he kilt a load of both.

CU BOWIE

Watching Crockett, a bit jealous-

CONLEY (O.S.)
Bout time we got a real fightin man into this scrap.

CROCKETT, TRAVIS

The two men walk side-by-side-

TRAVIS
We have a rather delicate command situation here, Mr. Crockett-

CROCKETT
I got a whiff of that.

TRAVIS
In the unlikely event that the Mexicans return, Mr. Bowie's volunteers may prove somewhat unreliable. You and your companions, however-

CROCKETT
Well, Colonel, we didn't have no orders exactly-

He looks around the plaza-

CROCKETT
-but it looks to me like the shootin here has come and gone.

Travis is troubled to hear this-

TRAVIS
If the Mexicans should summon the courage to return, I would appreciate your support.

CROCKETT
I'll talk to the fellas about it.

TRAVIS
I thank you. A fandango will be staged in your honor this evening.

CROCKETT (embarrassed)
Aw, no need for a fuss-

TRAVIS
If you'll excuse me-

Travis peels off, Joe hurrying to catch up with him. A pair of Texians with their hats in their hands approach-

SAM MAVERICK
Mr. Crockett- or is it Colonel?

CROCKETT
Call me David.

SAM MAVERICK
I'm Sam Maverick and this here is Jesse Badgett-

CROCKETT
Pleased to meet you.

SAM MAVERICK
We've been elected as delegates to the Texas Convention from the garrison here?

JESSE BADGETT
They also delegated us to come ask you if- uh- well-

He looks to Maverick for help-

SAM MAVERICK
The fellas were wondering if you could take over this deal.

JESSE BADGETT
Being an experienced Indian-fighter and all-

Maverick looks across to the cantina and Bowie, lowers his voice-

SAM MAVERICK
Jim Bowie's a hell of a man when he's sober, I'd follow him anywhere-

JESSE BADGETT
But he hasn't been sober much since the cholera took his wife. And that Travis, he's only a pup with a poker up his-

SAM MAVERICK
It's not a healthy situation.

CROCKETT (shakes his head)
I'm just a private, fellas. Course once you get a real government going, you might need a man with my experience to-

JESSE BADGETT
But this Travis is-

CROCKETT (firm)
I reckon the men you got will do all right.

JESSE BADGETT (disappointed)
Sorry to bother you. They uh- they wanted us to ask.

SAM MAVERICK
Uhm- I got my copy of your *Narrative*, here- ?

Maverick produces a well-worn copy of *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett* and a pen-

SAM MAVERICK
Would you write your name in it?

37 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - NIGHT 37

A small BAND plays lively DANCE MUSIC as a FANDANGO is in progress, TEXIANS and TEJANOS whirling brightly-dressed Tejana WOMEN under the FESTIVE LANTERNS. We follow pretty, teenaged SUSANNA DICKENSON and her husband ALMERON as they dance, passed by Joe, serving drinks from a tray-

JOE (V.O.)
Now bein as he were the mos' famous man ever come to these parts, they thrown a party for Mister Crockett.

We see David Crockett work his way toward the band, shaking hands and enduring many slaps on the back as he goes-

JOE (V.O.)
He were the smilinest, joke-tellinest, hand-shakinest white man I ever seen, and it made folks feel big just to stand up near him.

Maverick and Badgett watch him pass-

JESSE BADGETT
You think he wants to be Governor?

SAM MAVERICK
Governor, hell, if we vote to have a Republic we gonna need a President-

The BAND FINISHES the SONG to much APPLAUSE. All eyes turn to Crockett as he steps up on the packing-crate bandstand-

CROCKETT
Ladies and gentlemen- this is my first time at one of these Texian fandangas-- and I promise to keep this speech shorter than an Irishman's temperance vow!

LAUGHTER-

CROCKETT
Me and my Mounted Volunteers sure do preciate the hospitality we been shown since we got here-- and if this Santanner and his bunch should drop by, we'll make it pretty warm for them, too!
(CHEERS and APPLAUSE)
We will lick them like fine salt!
(more CHEERS)
Now contrary to popular opinion, I'm not that much as a fighter-

CRIES of 'No! Not true!'

CROCKETT
-and we all know I wasn't cut out for politics-
(LAUGHTER)
-bein the only Congressman that ever left Washington poorer than what he come. But there's one thing I can do. This one's called 'The Tennesee Grasshopper'-

He raises a FIDDLE and begins to expertly saw away at an infectious, upbeat MOUNTAIN TUNE. The guests CHEER and CLAP IN TIME and begin to DANCE again-

Alone to one side, William Travis smiles wanly and claps along with the beat as the BAND chimes in with Crockett. His gaze wanders to a PROSTITUTE we have seen before in the cantina. She gives Travis a wink-

38 EXT. SOLEDAD STREET - NIGHT 38

Jim Bowie staggers down the street, bottle in hand, grumbling as we hear FIDDLE MUSIC in the distance-

BOWIE
Damn coon-hunter wanders into town, you'd think it was the Second Coming-

He pause to look ahead, puzzled-

A half-dozen FAMILIES are throwing possessions into CARTS, onto their MULES and HORSES-

We PAN with a CART driven down the street till Jim Bowie steps in front to block it, PISTOL in hand-

BOWIE (Spanish)
What's going on? Why is everybody leaving?

The TEJANO driving the cart is terrified but won't answer. Bowie whirls around, waving the pistol and shouting-

BOWIE (Spanish)
Nobody leaves! I'm in command here! Anybody who tries to run, deals with Bowie! Understand?

People stare at him, intimidated, but none go back inside-

BEXAREÑO (muttering, Spanish)
Drunk.

Bowie wheels around, sees Menchaca watching from a doorway-

BOWIE
Dígame, amigo- ¿qué pasa?

39 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - NIGHT 39

Crockett is winding down the fiddle tune. Across the dancers he sees-

-Juan Seguín, Travis, Bonham and Jameson all huddled together-

Crockett scrapes the LAST NOTE of the SONG, acknowledges the APPLAUSE, steps off the platform to head for the conference-

The crowd BUZZES pleasantly after the dance, but Juan Seguín is grim as he translates a LETTER-

SEGUÍN (translating as he reads)
'-seen crossing the Río Bravo in great force.
(more)

SEGUÍN
Several battalions, possibly led by the Napoleon of the West-' -this is what Santa Anna fancies himself- 'were counted, with artillery and- '

CROCKETT (arriving)
There a problem, gents?

JAMESON
Juan just got word-

SEGUÍN (raises the letter)
Santa Anna is coming!

CROCKETT
With how many?

Joe and everyone else in the plaza hang on Seguín's reply-

SEGUÍN
All of them.

CROCKETT

David is less than happy with the news. A long beat, then-

SAM MAVERICK (O.S.)
Guess they haven't heard we got Davy Crockett on our side.

40 INT. COUNCIL LODGE, INDIAN TERRITORY - NIGHT 40

We FOLLOW a CHEROKEE TOBACCO PIPE as it is passed, then TILT as Sam Houston holds it, takes a long pull-

WIDER

We are in a Cherokee COUNCIL LODGE, Houston, dressed more Indian than the Indians, sitting on furs around a central FIRE sharing the ceremonial pipe with several CHEROKEE ELDERS and his mentor, CHIEF BOWL. CHIEF BOWL takes a long drag, contemplates before speaking-

CHIEF BOWL
Do you know what the young men call you?

HOUSTON
'The Raven'-

CHIEF BOWL (shakes his head)
That was your name before. Now they call you *Ootstetee Ardeetahskee.*

HOUSTON (morose)
Big Drunk.

A silence-

CHIEF BOWL
But it is good that you are here with us. The white men are being very troublesome.

HOUSTON
I was their leader-

CHIEF BOWL
It is a bad time to be a chief. The young men do not listen, they dream of war, they act before they think.

HOUSTON
They mocked me- cursed my name-

CHIEF BOWL (nods)
A bad time to be a chief.

Houston stares ahead, lost in thought. Chief Bowl steals a look at his protegé-

CHIEF BOWL
In the stories, the Raven is often cursed- he is beaten and crushed and left for dead. But in the end he always outwits his enemy.

Houston looks at Bowl. What is the old man getting at?

CHIEF BOWL
Of course that is only in stories. And you are the Raven no more.

41 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA, BÉXAR - MORNING 41

A few decorations still up from last night. TEXIANS stand about trading rumors as more BEXAREÑOS pack up and leave-

42 EXT. BELLTOWER - SAN FERNANDO CHURCH - LOOKOUT - MORNING 42

A SENTRY watches the horizon, pacing around the BELLTOWER of the church in the Plaza de Isleta to see in all directions-

43 EXT. VEREMENDI HOUSE, BÉXAR - MORNING 43

We FOLLOW as a BOWIE KNIFE is jammed into its scabbard, a PISTOL tucked into a belt-

WIDER

Jim Bowie, looking pale and hung-over, sets his shoulders and heads down the street. We PAN to Sam, watching him go-

SAM
Damn-

44 EXT. SOLEDAD STREET, BÉXAR - MORNING 44

As Bowie marches down the street a few Texians see him pass, hurry to catch up-

45 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA 45

Juan Seguín steps out of a building in the plaza just as Bowie passes, a half-dozen Texians now in his wake. Seguín is worried-

SEGUÍN
Hijole-

BOWIE - TEXIANS

Bowie crosses the plaza, more and more men joining behind him to see what's going to happen-

CU MAP

We see a MAP of the area from the Rio Bravo (Grande) to Béxar-

BONHAM (O.S.)
A full day on horseback or three for us to march to Goliad-

PLAZA, MEN

Travis, Bonham, Crockett and GREEN JAMESON stand around a map laid on a flour barrel in front of the cantina-

CROCKETT
Looks like twice that to San Felippy-

TRAVIS
If Santa Anna's force is as large as reported it will take him weeks to reach us. And we must consider the source of this intelligence- your Mexican is easily excited and prone to rumor-

BONHAM (sees)
Colonel-

Bonham points down the street. Jim Bowie is heading toward them, a good TWO DOZEN VOLUNTEERS behind him-

TRAVIS (fearing the worst)
Take your weapons in hand, gentlemen-

BOWIE

Bowie, sweating already, marches forward with the determined expression of attack on his face-

The Volunteers following him are less sure of themselves-

GRIMES
What's he gonna do?

COLORADO
Whatever it is I aim to back him up.

Bowie stops a few yards from Travis, the Volunteers spreading out behind him. A gunfight face-off-

Juan Seguin arrives, his eyes darting from Travis to Bowie, not sure who he should back-

TRAVIS
Good morning, Mr. Bowie. Or afternoon, I should say- you honor us with your presence.

Bowie nods, looks at the few men spread out beside Travis, then steps forward to within a foot of him-

BOWIE (softly)
I apologize.

Travis is stunned to hear this. Bowie continues in his southern gentleman mode-

BOWIE
My behavior has been- ill advised. If they're really on their way-- I'm willing to share this command.

TRAVIS
Share?

BOWIE
Joint decision on issues of strategy-

TRAVIS
Yes-

BOWIE
Though I believe in the day-to-day matters it would be best for us each to give orders only to our own-

He looks back at the Volunteers behind him-

BOWIE
-our own constituencies. As to the defense of Bexar-

TRAVIS
I shall hold fast until I am ordered to retreat.

This is news to Bonham and Crockett, who trade a look-

TRAVIS
And you?

Bowie turns to indicate the town behind him-

BOWIE
This little mudpile is my home, Colonel Travis. It's all I have left in the world.

He turns back with a sad smile on his face-

BOWIE
Isn't that a sorry state of affairs?

CHURCH BELLS begin to CHIME-

SEGUÍN (stricken)
No es posible-

SOLDIERS and TOWNSPEOPLE step out into the plaza, staring at the BELLTOWER of the SAN FERNANDO CHURCH-

Susanna Dickenson steps out from the infirmary in the old JAIL BUILDING, puzzled as she looks up. Her husband Almeron comes over to join her-

SUSANNA
What is it?

ALMERON
Go get the baby.

Seguín, Bowie and Travis sprint across the plaza to the church-

The CHURCH BELLS swing, pealing-

BELLTOWER STAIRS, CUPOLA

The three men breathlessly run up the stairs and come out on the cupola. ALBERT MARTIN points southwest toward the Presidio Road as the BELLS STOP RINGING-

Sudden SILENCE. We see the EMPTY ROAD, a copse of TREES-

Travis looks to Martin-

ALBERT MARTIN
I saw em. I did.

Travis looks out again-

The road still empty, then- movement. Lots of it. MEXICAN TROOPS, raising dust over their heads! HUNDREDS of them-

The men react. Travis is decisive, flat-

TRAVIS
We can't hold the town.

46 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA, BÉXAR - DAY 46

It's bedlam out here, SOLDIERS and CIVILIANS running every whichway. James Bonham strides through it calmly-

BONHAM
All members of the garrison fall in at the Alamo! Proceed at once-

He passes Grimes, trying to wrestle his long rifle away from the Dueño of the cantina-

GRIMES
I know I sold it to you, but I need it now!

We are swept across the plaza with Almeron and Susanna, their infant daughter ANGELINA in her arms, dropping a few of their possessions in their haste-

SUSANNA
You said they wouldn't dare come back!

ALMERON (false bravado)
They see our cannon, they gone think twice about charging in-

SHOUTS and people RUNNING out of the way- we PAN to see a small herd of LONGHORNS being driven through the plaza!

David Crockett is on HORSEBACK with a few of his Tennesseans, herding the cattle-

CROCKETT
Keep them beeves out of the buildins! Go, go- keep em movin!

He nods to a TEJANA WOMAN cowering against the wall-

CROCKETT
We be out of your path in a minute, M'am. Mind them horns--

47 EXT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - DAY 47

Bowie rapidly lays a small arsenal of FIREARMS and shot into a cart while his sister-in-law JUANA and Sam toss in bags of GRAIN and cooking utensils-

BOWIE (Spanish)
There's a shotgun hidden in the woodshed-

Bowie moves a little too fast, stops, dizzy-

SAM
You okay, Mr. Jim?

BOWIE
Get my horse.

48 EXT. PLAZA - TRAVIS 48

Travis is outside the infirmary as the Texian SICK AND WOUNDED are moved, the worst off supported by the more able. Joe helps lug a man out on a cot-

TRAVIS
All Texian wounded into the fort!

Wiley hobbles out supporting the wounded Mexican Soldier-

TRAVIS
Leave the Mexicans here- they'll take care of their own!

Wiley props the soldier against the wall of the building-

WILEY
Well- *buena suerte, amigo-*

MEXICAN SOLDIER
Y a tú también.

Sam Maverick rides past, bringing us to Travis again-

SAM MAVERICK
Time for me to get on to the Convention, Colonel.

TRAVIS
Alert the countryside to the situation here-

SAM MAVERICK
Will do-

TRAVIS
-and tell them in San Felipe that we must be reinforced!

Maverick spurs his horse away-

TRAVIS
Take the medicine, the mattresses, everything!

49 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 49

Frantic activity inside the Alamo walls- people, animals and supplies still arriving-

GREGORIO ESPARZA leads his wife DOROTEA and several children in-

GREGORIO (Spanish)
We'll be safer here.

Dorotea looks uneasily at the scruffy Texians milling around them, crosses herself-

DOROTEA (Spanish)
May God protect us.

ARTILLERY PLATFORM

Almeron Dickenson and other ARTILLERYMEN load a BALL into the 18-pounder on the southeast corner-

BOWIE

Jim Bowie stands with Green Jameson by the main gate, dictating a letter to Juan Seguín. Bowie looks feverish, SWEAT beading his forehead-

BOWIE
'-as representatives of the-- the- '

SEGUÍN
They call themselves '*el Gobierno Supremo*'.

BOWIE
'-of the Supreme Government, I must know if you are willing to-- if you are willing to parley. I am at your service- God and the Republic of Mex--' make that 'God and Texas'.

Seguín changes the line, hands the note to Bowie to sign. His hand is unsteady. Seguín watches him, concerned-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Are you okay, Jim?

BOWIE (forces a grin)
Never felt better.

He hands the note to Green Jameson, who jumps on his horse and heads out the gate-

MEN are crowded up on the WEST WALL, looking toward town-

In the distance we see the MEXICAN TROOPS streaming in to Béxar. We TILT to see more and more and more SOLDIERS-

We PAN down the faces of the TEXIANS crowded on the wall, realizing what they're up against. We HOLD on Crockett and DANIEL CLOUD-

50 EXT. SAN FERNANDO CHURCH, BÉXAR - SANTA ANNA - DAY 50

Santa Anna sits on his horse next to General Cos as his COLOR GUARD pull the MEXICAN FLAG from a trunk-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Raise the flag.

51 EXT. ALAMO WALL - TOWARD BÉXAR 51

We look over the shoulder of Travis on the southwest artillery platform as the MEXICAN FLAG is raised-

TRAVIS
Fire at them.

ALMERON
Sir?

TRAVIS
Fire your cannon!

ALMERON
Yes sir-

Dickenson hits the touchhole of the 18-pounder- KABOOM!

Bowie looks up at the noise, stunned-

52 EXT. BÉXAR PLAZA - DAY 52

CRASH! Jesús and the rest of his unit duck as the CANNONBALL smashes into a BUILDING behind them. Only the Sargento remains standing-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Steady, boys-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Is the battle started?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Be patient. Before the dance come the invitations.

BELLTOWER, SANTA ANNA

A few yards away, Santa Anna fights to control his mount-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The red one.

GENERAL COS (surprised)
Pero mi General-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish, adamant)
The red one!

The color guard pull a RED FLAG from the trunk-

53 EXT. ALAMO, GUN PLATFORM - DAY 53

Bowie charges up the ramp to Travis-

BOWIE
Are you insane? I just sent Jameson out to talk!

TRAVIS
On whose authority?

BOWIE
On my authority! We don't know what we're facing yet.

TRAVIS
I will not surrender.

BOWIE
You will not get people slaughtered for nothing!

ALMERON (pointing)
Sir?

They turn to see as a RED FLAG with a SKULL AND CROSSBONES on it is raised up over the roof of the belltower-

Bowie glares at Travis-

BOWIE
No quarter.

WEST WALL - POV

Jameson and COLONEL ALMONTE confer on the BRIDGE to Béxar-

DANIEL CLOUD (O.S.)
I could nail him from here. Right between the buttons-

TENNESSEANS

Daniel Cloud has drawn a bead on Colonel Almonte in the distance, but Crockett gently pushes his barrel up in the air-

CROCKETT
Don't make me nervous, son. That fella might be our ticket outa this mess.

PATTON
He's heading back-

POV - JAMESON AND ALMONTE

Jameson wheels around and rides back toward the fort-

WEST WALL - TEXIANS

Eager faces watch Jameson's return-

A dozen of the TEJANOS who came into the Alamo watch as well-

GREGORIO ESPARZA (Spanish)
See that banner? General Cos has come back.

MENCHACA (Spanish)
And your brother?

GREGORIO ESPARZA (Spanish)
He must be out there with him.

COURTYARD

Jameson rides into the courtyard and dismounts, joined immediately by Bowie, Travis, Bonham and Seguín-

Jameson hands a note to Travis-

JAMESON
Real polite fella-

TRAVIS (reading)
'-my commander refuses to discuss terms with rebellious foreigners to whom there is no recourse left, if they wish to save their lives-'

BOWIE
Shit-

TRAVIS
'-than to place themselves at the mercy of the Supreme Government.'

They are silent for a long moment-

TRAVIS
Surrender at discretion. We lay down our arms, and we are at their mercy.

SEGUÍN
Sometimes they only execute the officers- or every tenth man-

TRAVIS
Mr. Bowie?

BOWIE (scowls)
You want the black bean or the white one?

54 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - DAY 54

We TILT down from the RED FLAG flapping from the church belltower to see Jesús and several other of the PEON SOLDIERS hauling heavy TRUNKS and FURNITURE into the YTURRI HOUSE-

55 INT. YTURRI HOUSE - DAY 55

Santa Anna sits as a VALET pulls his boots off. Escobar takes notes as Almonte and Cos stand with hats in hand-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
The people in town say Houston is not here-

SANTA ANNA
Mierda-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
-but that the garrison is commanded by a man named Travis and by James Bowie-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The great braggart-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
-and that David Crockett is with them as well.

SANTA ANNA
Croque?

COS (Spanish)
A famous woodsman and killer of Indians.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
They send these famous men to justify their theft!
(to Cos)
Keep the bombardment going all night. Don't let them sleep.

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
If we held them here with a troop of four hundred and moved on to Goliad with the main body-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
We move nowhere until these pirates have been dealt with!

Jesús and another PEON stumble in with a trunk-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Careful, boys- that's French crystal.

56 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 56

Most of the MEN have mustered in the Alamo courtyard, leaving 3-man CANNON CREWS up on their gun platforms just in case. Bowie, feverish, stands unsteadily beside Travis-

TRAVIS
Mr. Bowie?

No response. Travis looks to Bowie, finally realizing just how sick he is-

BOWIE
I'm feeling a bit off. You tell em-

Travis turns to face the men, most of whom regard him with a good deal of suspicion-

TRAVIS
We find ourselves in a rather-
difficult situation here.

Some unhappy muttering-

TRAVIS
The Mexicans have offered us only discretionary terms. We are to surrender our arms in return for--
nothing.

Susanna Dickenson, Juana Alsbury and Dorotea Esparza listen with those of the SICK AND WOUNDED well enough to stand, in front of the GALERA next to the front gate-

TRAVIS
Though we are poorly supplied for an extended engagement, Mr. Bowie and I have agreed on a policy of resistance.

The men look to Bowie, who tries to stand firm, expressionless-

TRAVIS
Béxar- is the largest town in Texas, it stands at the crossroads leading to our other loyal settlements. We shall not flee, we shall not surrender- we shall engage and delay the enemy until we are reinforced.

Crockett and company digest this. Nobody flinches-

TRAVIS (calling)
Mr. Dickenson-

ALMERON
Yes, sir!

KABOOM! Dickenson FIRES the 18-pounder again-

TRAVIS
I suggest we all take shelter.

With that everybody hurries to get next to a wall or into a building. BAM! An answering SHELL smashes to the ground and bounces into the side of a building, CHIPS of ADOBE flying-

The Tennessee men follow Crockett across the courtyard. WHAM! another BALL lands a few yards away. MICAJAH AUTRY, another man in his 40's, is not pleased-

AUTRY
We should have left when we had the chance.

BOWIE, TRAVIS

Bowie follows Travis toward the building by the gate that will serve as officers' barracks-

BOWIE
Buck- look, there's too much wall to cover. If they attack-

TRAVIS
We shall be reinforced. Colonel Fannin-

BOWIE
Fannin knows a good deal more about selling darkies than he does about leading troops.

TRAVIS (knows it's true)
Perhaps the Convention will come to our rescue-

BOWIE
And I will sprout wings and fly back to Opelousas!

Travis stiffens. Bowie isn't making this easy-

TRAVIS
Do you have a better plan, Mr. Bowie?

He doesn't-

TRAVIS
Then I suggest you attempt to get some rest. You seem- discomposed.

Travis leaves him and Bowie stands unsteadily, a bit dazed, as the ENEMY BOMBARDMENT starts in earnest, FIRING coming from all sides. Juana Alsbury and Sam rush out to take his arms-

JUANA
Santiago- venga conmigo-

BOWIE (weary, Spanish)
The heat-- I need to rest a bit-

She leads him away. We RACK FOCUS to see TRAVIS, already halfway up an artillery ramp, watching them. Worried-

57 EXT. GOLIAD ROAD - DAY 57

Albert Martin races his horse away from the Alamo as we hear Travis reading the message he is carrying on the TRACK-

TRAVIS (V.O)
'To the Texas Convention-- I am beseiged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans, who demand surrender or the garrison shall be put to the sword-'

We OVERLAP with another letter-

58 EXT. ROAD - COLORADO SMITH 58

Colorado Smith rides toward us, whipping his mount-

TRAVIS (V.O.)
'Colonel Fannin- I implore you to bring your forces at once to our aid-'

Colorado's horse GALLOPS straight OVER OUR HEADS-

59 EXT. ROAD - SAM HOUSTON - DAY 59

Sam Houston rides toward us, wearing buckskin breeches, a Mexican poncho and a wide-brimmed hat. He looks haggard. He slows his horse as he comes to a crossroads-

One hand-painted sign points to 'ARKANSAW'-

The other points to 'SAN FELIPE'-

CLOSER, HOUSTON

Undecided, Houston pulls out a hip flask, unscrews the top. Just as he is about to drink there is a loud BIRD CRY. He looks-

RAVEN

A RAVEN flaps down to settle on the sign to San Felipe-

Houston looks at the raven-

The huge black bird stares back at Houston-

HOUSTON (grins)
If you insist.

Houston tosses the hip flask away, heads down the road to San Felipe-

We HOLD on the raven, issuing a triumphant CAW-

60 EXT. BÉXAR - DAY 60

The Mexican artillery CREW plug their ears as BLAM! a small CANNON is FIRED from the edge of town. In the distance we see the ball WHAM! smash into the west wall of the Alamo-

JOE (V.O.)
The Meskins commenced to firin they cannons the first day-

MEXICAN BATTERY

BLAM! Another small cannon in a battery to the north of the Alamo is fired-- WHAM! the projectile hits the north wall-

JOE (V.O.)
-and then they never let up. Day and night, night and day-

CANNON - VARIOUS ANGLES

We cut from the mouth of one cannon to another as- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

61 EXT. ALAMO - COURTYARD - DAY 61

A CANNONBALL sails over the wall and WHAM! smacks into the front of the chapel. THUMP! THUMP! Two more fly in from other directions, one landing and rolling harmlessly on the ground-

JOE (V.O.)
-some was just round shot and the rest-

-the other with a FUSE still burning on it- KABLAM! it EXPLODES and sends SHRAPNEL flying!

JOE (V.O.)
-the rest was primed to make a man nervous.

LONG BARRACKS

TEXIANS dig a TRENCH just inside one of the doorways of the LONG BARRACKS, while others fill grain sacks with the displaced dirt to make SANDBAGS-

JOE (V.O.)
But it weren't but a long day's ride to Goliad and three to San Faleep.

Travis stands on the wall, searching the horizon with a spyglass-

POV - MEXICAN POSITIONS

We PAN once, twice, three times- settling on MEXICAN TROOPS digging in positions to the north, the east, the south-

JOE (V.O.)
If the Meskins was willin to let us lay low and wait for help-

Travis brings the field glass down, grim-

JOE (V.O.)
-wasn't none of us gone fuss about it.

62 INT. INFIRMARY - SUSANNA DICKENSON - DAY 62

Susanna Dickenson stands in the doorway the old CONVENTO off the parade, dully watching the bombardment. Behind her we see Dorotea tending to SICK and WOUNDED men laid out on rickety cots and piles of straw on the floor. Wiley hobbles up on a crutch. Susanna flinches as a SHELL EXPLODES-

WILEY
Don't you worry, M'am. We're safe in here.

63 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY - LATER 63

We see a ladleful of STEW plopped on a tin plate-

Those of the men not standing watch on the walls have lined up to receive their daily meal. Joe and Sam help serve, TEJANAS handing out TORTILLAS to the men-

Bowie has been brought down in his cot to join the men, sitting up, his face drawn, now and then COUGHING BLOOD into a handkerchief-

Travis watches the feeding. He sees Flynn coming down from the nearest artillery ramp to get in line-

TRAVIS
You're to stay at your post till you're relieved, soldier.

FLYNN
And will ye be bringin me a plate of stew, Colonel?

TRAVIS
Get up there.

Flynn stares him down for a moment, other Texians taking note. Flynn looks over to Bowie-

Bowie jerks his head toward the artillery ramp-

Flynn gives Travis a mock salute-

FLYNN
At yer orders, sor.

Flynn retreats and Travis shoots a dirty look to Bowie, who winks-

CROCKETT

Crockett receives his dollop of stew and his tortilla, searches for a place to sit. Bowie calls out as he passes-

BOWIE
The great David Crockett.

Crockett stops, sensing the hostility in Bowie's voice-

CROCKETT
How you doin, Jim?

BOWIE
I've felt better.

CROCKETT
Tough to get any shut-eye, they keep throwing artillery in at us-

BOWIE
I've seen *vaqueros* take an hour to kill one bull. They make a sport of it.

Bowie looks him over. Nothing about Crockett at the moment looks like a frontier legend-

BOWIE
So did you really do any of those things they say?

Crockett, embarrassed, looks around at the eating DEFENDERS-

CROCKETT
A story is kind of like a tadpole. Turn your back an it's grown arms and legs and gone hoppin all over Creation.

Crockett regards the huge KNIFE at the foot of Bowie's cot-

CROCKETT
Course you're kinda famous too-

BOWIE
Notorious. There's a difference.

CROCKETT
Spose there is.

BOWIE
I have not been- prudent in my business ventures. There have been affairs of honor to settle--

CROCKETT
You ever use that thing to- ?

BOWIE (nods)
The gentleman in question had shot me with his pistol on two separate occasions. Naturally, I took offense-

Crockett grins, sits by him. Bowie is wracked by a COUGHING FIT, covering his face with the handkerchief. Crockett waits it out, looking around the fort-

BOWIE
The men look up to you, Crockett. If I don't get better soon-

CROCKETT
Travis is doing fine.

BOWIE
Colonel Travis is overly fond of the heroic gesture.

A silence as they contemplate this-

CROCKETT (brooding)
If it was just me, simple old coon-hunter from Tennessee, I could drop over the wall some night and take my chances. But this Davy Crockett feller- they're all watching him.

BOWIE
He's a bigger man.

Crockett shakes his head mournfully-

CROCKETT
A bigger target, you mean.

A CANNONBALL smashes into a wall overhead, chips of adobe clattering down around them-

CROCKETT
I'll tell you, being hemmed in like this-- I'd just as soon march out and die in the open.

BOWIE
Or carry a white flag.

Crockett is uneasy under Bowie's steady gaze-

CROCKETT
They say this Davy Crockett can do a lot of things-- but surrenderin to the Mexicans idn't one of em.

A GUNSHOT-

TRAVIS (O.S.)
To your positions, men! On the double!

CROCKETT
This might be it-

Crockett leaps to his feet, snatching up his rifle and running off with the others. Bowie, abandoned, calls out-

BOWIE
Sam! My pistols!

64 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - VARIOUS SHOTS 64

We FOLLOW various groups of defenders as they run to their positions-

-past the earthworks REDOUBT with two CANNON aimed at the gate and up onto the positions around the MAIN GATE-

-up onto the northwest PLATFORM-

-into the CATTLE PENS and CORRAL that face the SWAMPY THICKETS to the northeast, sorry-looking HORSES and CATTLE shifting about in the excitement-

-fanning out along the low log PALISADE that runs diagonally from the edge of the chapel toward the main gate, an ABATIS of newly cut-and-trimmed TREES in front of it-

-following Crockett and several other Tennesseans up the ramp on the southwest corner to see-

POV - JACALES

About two hundred SOLDIERS of the *Permanente Matamoros* Battalion rush across the river at a shallow spot, then sprint toward a group of *jacales*- wooden lean-tos that stand about a hundred yards from the Alamo-

ALMERON (from wall)
Here they come!

ALAMO

Sharpshooters spread out on the south and west walls-

Travis, atop the ARTILLERY PLATFORM, sees it is only a probe on the one side-

TRAVIS
Hold steady, everyone! They're only testing our strength!

The men on the wall look to Travis uncertainly. POP! POP! MUSKET-FIRE from the Mexican soldiers, a ball ZINGING past Travis' ear. He seems to ignore it, speaks calmly-

TRAVIS
You may fire at will, gentlemen-

Crockett looks at Travis and then to the men beside him on the wall- laid out of their bellies as he is. They look back at him expectantly. He sighs, stands up-

CROCKETT
You heard the man, fellas- let's pin em down!

We see over Crockett's shoulder as about half the MEXICANS charge from the jacales toward the wall-

BLAM! Daniel Cloud FIRES and a Mexican soldier falls-

We look down a line of long rifles- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The sharpshooters aim carefully and fire-

PERMANENTES fall as they are picked off trying to advance-

KABOOM! A FLAME erupts from the muzzle as the CANNON FIRES-

The Permanentes dive for cover, CANNISTER SHOT ripping through the flimsy stick-and-straw jacales, tearing into them!

Crockett strides on top of the wall, totally exposed, a big grin on his face. The picture of casual fearlessness-

CROCKETT
Make em count, boys, don't waste your powder-

WHANG! A BULLET hits the wall just a few inches from Crockett's foot-

CROCKETT
Pert near blew my bunions off.

Laughter from the men-

CROCKETT (pointing)
William- next time that boy pops his head up you give him somethin to think about.

BLAM! Another charge of cannister blasts from the cannon-

One of the jacales flies apart! The Permanentes who are able to begin to RUN back toward their lines-

The defenders on the WEST WALL leap to their feet, WHOOPING-

AUTRY
Lookit em go! Run, you rabbits!

Crockett takes a deep breath, glad to be done with his heroics for the time being-

Travis stands at the position, sword in hand. He looks down to Joe, lying belly-down on the wall, empty-handed, nervously watching the Mexicans retreat-

TRAVIS
Joseph- if you're not going to arm yourself there's no need to be on the wall.

65 EXT. ALAMO - NIGHT 65

A SENTRY on the wall looks out at the CAMPFIRES of the Mexican troops. They play the 'Deguello', a relentless TRUMPET SONG. There is a FLASH from a battery east of town and the corresponding EXPLOSION of the shell over the walls-

At the front of the chapel a single LANTERN lights the faces of a dozen MEN. Juan Seguín chats with a few of the Tenneseans-

SEGUÍN
When General Iturbide betrayed our revolution and made himself Emperor, what did Santa Anna do? He began to court the Emperor's sister.

CROCKETT (grins)
Hell- a man's got to get along in life. I was a pretty ambitious young feller myself.

SEGUÍN
The lady was sixty years old at the time.

CROCKETT
I wasn't ever <u>that</u> ambitious.

LAUGHTER. Travis steps into the light-

TRAVIS
Gentlemen. I need to send another rider out.

The men look at him unenthusiastically-

SEGUÍN
It will be more difficult to pass through the enemy lines now that they have surrounded us. They will be patrolling all the roads--

GREGORIO
Debe seas tú, Juan. You know the country better than any of us.

TRAVIS
I need Captain Seguin here.

JAMESON
He's the only one of us sure to get through.

MENCHACA (Spanish)
It's the truth.

Travis sighs, holds a DISPATCH out to Seguín-

TRAVIS
Very well. Captain Seguín?

Seguín takes the letter, nods grimly-

CROCKETT
And if we don't pull them little shacks down they gonna keep using them for cover.

TRAVIS
Are you volunteering, Mr. Crockett?

All heads turn to Crockett-

CROCKETT
Uh- yeah, I spose I am.

66 EXT. SOUTH WALL - NIGHT 66

The BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES as WOODEN LADDER is lowered over the south wall. Then ANOTHER and ANOTHER. Crockett clambers down, along with a dozen MEN, rifles and finally TORCHES being handed down to them-

CROCKETT
Let's get this done quick.

The men run to the half-dozen JACALES that stand 80 yards from the wall.

Half of the men go down on one knee, rifles ready to repel skirmishers, while the others knock the structures down. Crockett LIGHTS a straw roof with his torch-

CROCKETT
Don't stand in front of the flames, fellas. We're sittin ducks as it is.

Desultory GUNFIRE comes from the Mexican position, musket muzzles FLASHING in the dark-

67 EXT. FORT - SEGUÍN - NIGHT 67

On the other side of the fort Seguín climbs over the corral wall, then runs in a crouch, sliding down into a little ACEQUIA and following it away from the Alamo, lit by the occasional FLASH of an EXPLODING SHELL-

MEXICAN LINES

Jesús, wearing a threadbare military coat against the cold but still barefoot, paces back and forth at his sentry post. He is nervous- the MUSIC and the ARTILLERY and now the MUSKET FIRE from the other side of the fort keeping him on edge-

Seguín crouches, seeing Jesús above him, pacing only a few yards from the acequia-

SEGUÍN
Madre de Dios.

He pulls his KNIFE from his boot-- then decides on another course and puts it away. He waits till Jesús is pacing away, takes a deep breath, stands-

SEGUÍN
¡Soldado!

Jesús whirls about. Seguín strides toward him-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Show me that weapon.

Cowed, Jesús eagerly holds his musket out. Seguín snatches it from him and begins to inspect it-

SEGUÍN
¿Nombre?

JESÚS
Me llamo Jesús Montoya.

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Regiment?

JESÚS (Spanish)
I'm- I'm not really a soldier-

Seguín gives him an imperious look-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
You're a conscript?

JESÚS
Si, Don Jua-

SEGUÍN
Capitán.

JESÚS
Si, Capitán-

Seguín thrusts the musket back to Jesús-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
And the other sentries?

Jesús points in the direction of the other sentry posts-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Gonzales there, Hinojosa there, and-
I don't know his real name, but Fatso
is over there.

SEGUÍN (points, Spanish)
And there?

JESÚS (Spanish)
There's nobody.

SEGUÍN (snorts, Spanish)
Nobody? We'll see about that.

Seguín strides away in the unguarded direction, calling back over his shoulder-

SEGUÍN
Vigilancia, Montoya. ¡Vigilancia!

Jesús watches him disappear into the darkness, puzzled-

JESÚS (Spanish, to himself)
He looked just like Don Juan Seguín--

We hear the SENTRIES calling out the 'all clear', each one closer to Jesús-

JESÚS (Spanish)
All clear!

68 EXT. FORT DEFIANCE, GOLIAD - DAY 68

A pair of immigrant Texian soldiers, EHRENBERG and PETRUSSEWICZ, poke their heads into an abandoned SHACK, part of the ramshackle town just outside the walls of FORT DEFIANCE, whose walls we see in the BG-

PETRUSSEWICZ
Gone. Every one of them has run away.

EHRENBERG
Can you blame them?

69 EXT. FORT DEFIANCE, INSIDE WALLS 69

Colorado Smith walks across the parade with the fort's commander, southerner JAMES WALKER FANNIN. The men they pass are in even worse shape than the Alamo defenders- hungry, barefoot, clothes falling off their bodies- and notably lacking in military discipline as they lounge about, throw dice, etc. Fannin is hollow-eyed and full of complaint-

FANNIN
Doctor Grant and Mister Johnson stripped this post of all decent wagons and livestock, the Mexicans have deserted the town, we have not been resupplied, my men are barefoot and hungry-

COLORADO
But you got near four hundred of em! If you don't get over there, Colonel Fannin, the Alamo will-

FANNIN
I understand your predicament. I will do my utmost to mount a rescue effort. But these people- are mercenaries, foreigners- barely a Texian among them. They have their own elected officers who undermine my orders--

He stops, looking around him, in his own private hell-

FANNIN
If I am qualified to command these men I have not yet found it out.

70 EXT. ALAMO - DAY 70

The BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES. William Barret Travis paces the wall, MEXICAN TROOPS visible beyond their artillery emplacements, just out of rifle range-

JOE (V.O.)
Ever day Mister William look out for them troops from Goliad-

Travis turns and we see the disappointment tight on his face-

JOE (V.O.)
-but they never shown up.

A WORK DETAIL is piling heavy chunks of broken adobe back on top of the battered NORTH WALL-

JOE (V.O.)
The Meskins had us boxed up good an tight. They commenced to knockin our walls down, an we kep on buildin em on up.

71 EXT. ALAMO - POV ACEQUIA 71

The little STREAM that ran in through the walls has been DAMMED UP about a hundred yards out-

JOE (V.O)
They finally cut off our stream comin in, and wasn't nobody keen on goin out there to free it up-

COURTYARD - WORK PARTY

A trio of dirt-covered men take turns digging, the one shovelling now up to his shoulders in the hole, the others nervously watching for incoming ordinance-

JOE (V.O)
-so we tried diggin a well. They like to struck gold fore they found any water.

We PAN to see other Texians tossing whatever METAL they have found- chains, nails, horseshoes, door hinges, iron crucifixes- up against a wall next to John MCGREGOR, a burly Scotsman, who chops them into jagged bits on an ANVIL. Two little TEJANO BOYS load the scraps into CANNISTERS for the artillery pieces to fire-

JOE (V.O.)
There was all kinds inside--

We cut to see people of various ethnicities-

JOE (V.O.)
-Irish, Scotchmen, English-

A couple Texians have roped a STEER and are dragging him out of the CATTLE PEN to be butchered-

JOE (V.O.)
--crackers-

A few of the TEJANA WOMEN cook corn and beef STEW in large POTS as a German BUTCHER breaks down a steer carcass with his cleaver in the BG-

JOE (V.O.)
-Meskin, German-

ANTHONY WOLFE and his son JACOB work repairing weapons, Saul pedalling a little KNIFE-SHARPENING WHEEL-

JOE (V.O.)
-Jewish-

Joe and Sam are shoveling LIME on top of the latest deposits in the slit-trench LATRINE at the back of the horse corral-

JOE (V.O.)
-plus there was me an Mr. Bowie's Sam.

SAM
He had you long?

JOE
Mr. Simon White down at Brazoria hold my contrack-

SAM
Ninety-nine years-

JOE
Yeah, an he hire me out to Mr. William last July.

SAM
I knew a man name Nemo belong to Simon White. Run off for Saltillo.

JOE
He got away?

SAM
Hell, yeah. Get crost that Río Bravo you won't find no more of these Texians. Mexicans let you be free.

JOE
But how you gonna live?

SAM
Work like a man, learn to talk Mexican-

JOE
But if they catch you runnin-

SAM (shrugs)
You get a whippin. Course Mr. Bowie, he likely to kill you, which is why my black be-hind still in this fort.

JOE (musing)
Talkin Mexican-

SAM
Aint nothin to it. Like if they come over these walls, you just throw up you hands and holler '*Soy negro, no disparo!*'

JOE
What's that?

SAM
Mexican law says there isn't no slaves, right? An contrack or no that's what you is. Mexicans see your color, you tell em not to shoot and they'll pass you by.

JOE
Mr. William give me a gun. He says when they come-

SAM (shakes his head)
I got to clean up they shit, take care of they horses, wash em, feed em- damn if I'm gonna die for em too.

72 EXT. TEXAS SCRUBLANDS - DAY 72

Santa Anna and General Cos observe a drill from their horses- a line of CONSCRIPTS, each with a MUSKET over his shoulder, face a single scared-looking INDIAN standing about two hundred yards away-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
These *yanquis* believe we are cowardly and they are brave, that we have no stomach to fight.

He gives Cos a look-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Your actions have encouraged this believe.

GENERAL COS
Pero mi General-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
It is nothing. Houston will believe he can rescue his men here, and enter our trap-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
But if he doesn't?

He shrugs, then nods to the Sargento, who walks behind the conscripts with a WOODEN STAFF in hand-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Begin.

The Sargento calls to the Indian-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Come on down!

The Indian starts sprinting towards the line of conscripts-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Load your weapons!

We CROSS-CUT between Jesús, nervously fumbling his way through the complicated loading procedure, and an over-the-shoulder shot of the Indian sprinting closer, closer-

Jesús brings the musket down to half-cock the hammer-

Wipes the pan clean with his thumb-

Pulls a CARTRIDGE from a POUCH hung around his neck-

Tears the cartridge open with his teeth, pours POWDER onto the pan and snaps the frizzen over to cover it-

Butts the musket on the ground and pours the rest of the powder down the barrel-

Places the MUSKET BALL at the other end of the cartridge tube into the mouth of the barrel, sliding the RAMROD from its slot and jamming both ball and cartridge paper wadding deep into the barrel-

SARGENTO (O.S., Spanish)
Aim!

The Indian almost upon him, Jesús snaps his rifle up to aim, pulling the hammer back all the way-

SARGENTO
¡Fuego!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A ragged VOLLEY, only about a third of the men getting their shot off as the little Indian ducks below their plane of fire-

Jesús FIRES, the RECOIL knocking his head back-

The Indian lies on the ground, gasping for breath. One of the musket squad MOANS and holds the side of his face, burned by a 'flash in the pan'. A few are still trying to load-

The Sargento strides behind them, giving each man who fired too late a stiff WHACK between the shoulders with his staff-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Dead. Dead. Dead. Hopeless. Dead.

He pauses when he comes to Jesús, then gives him a POKE in the stomach with the staff-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Seriously wounded. The gringos will chew you up!

COS AND SANTA ANNA

Cos indicates the raw amateurs--

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
With this you expect to recapture the Alamo?

SANTA ANNA (Spanish, smiles)
Marksmanship will not be required.

73 EXT. ALAMO - ANOTHER DAY 73

Light RAIN. INTERMITTENT BOMBARDMENT. Travis and Bonham watch something from the top of the wall over the main gate-

JOE (V.O.)
Round about a week after we come to the Alamo-

We TILT down to the parade as several men carry Bowie on his cot from the infirmary in the convento to the GALERA building next to the main gate-

JOE (V.O.)
-they move Mr. Bowie to his own room, bein that he thought he had the typhoid an other folks might start catchin it from him.

Bowie is wrapped in blankets, sweating with fever. Juana walks by his side as they pass a group of TEXIANS collecting spent Mexican CANNONBALLS and humping them up to the artillery platforms-

BOWIE
Hey, fellas! You be sure and send those back where they came from.

GRIMES
We'll do that, Jim.

FLYNN
The man looks like death itself.

74 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE - DAY 74

Juana has settled Bowie into a spare little SICK ROOM. She has set up a little ALTAR of CANDLES and religious items, a small CAMEO of Ursula at the center of it.

She turns the face of a PLASTER SAINT toward Jim as Dorotea Esparza works some *curandera* magic on him-

JUANA (Spanish)
Maybe the saints have deserted us.

Bowie lies back on the bed, sweating, as Dorotea passes a chicken's EGG in three circles over his forehead, then his heart, then his intesines-

BOWIE
They gave up on me a lot time ago.

Dorotea cracks the egg into a glass- the yolk has an angry red spot of an embryo in it-

DOROTEA (Spanish)
Bad blood.

Dorotea exchanges a dire look with Juana, then leaves the room, crossing herself. Bowie brings a shaky hand up and takes the cameo of Ursula. He studies it for a long moment-

BOWIE (Spanish)
People thought I married her for your father's money.

JUANA (Spanish)
Gossip.

BOWIE
Ella fue la única-- mi Ursula- the only thing in my life-- I was off chasing silver mines. All my life, whatever I had in my hand, I'd drop it and run after the next fortune, the next adventure. I never told her the things I should have---

JUANA (Spanish)
My sister truly loved you. It was in her eyes- may God rest her soul.

There is a timid knock. Bowie eases himself up as a group of the Tejanos- Menchaca, Flores, Gregorio Esparza, a few others- step in-

GREGORIO (Spanish)
Santiago? How are you feeling?

BOWIE (Spanish)
Better than ever.

His looks tell them this is only bravado-

MENCHACA
Santa Anna has sent a messenger-- he says the Mexicans here inside may leave if they wish, and no harm will come to them.

GREGORIO (Spanish)
what do you think we should do?

Bowie thinks a moment-

BOWIE
A lot of the men in here are like me- don't have much left to lose. You have families to worry about.

GREGORIO
Sí, pero--

BOWIE
If you think Santa Anna will live up to his word- go.

The men are silent, considering this. Bowie closes his eyes-

BOWIE
Go.

Gregorio casts an uneasy eye at the egg goo in the glass-

75 EXT. ALAMO WALL, TRAVIS - DAY 75

Travis watches something, not pleased-

JOE (V.O.)
When the word come that the Mexicans was welcome to go out, Mr. William didn't say nothin to stop em.

We TILT to see a few TEJANOS and their FAMILIES walking out of the open gate, pulling their horses and carrying their belongings-

JOE (V.O.)
Some took up and left-

Menchaca and Flores are with them, as is-

-Sam. Sam has a Mexican sombrero and serape on, astride an old mule. He nods to Joe as he rides past-

JOE (V.O.)
-willin to take their chances on the outside-

Gregorio Esparza and the seven or eight Tejanos who are staying watch from the wall-

JOE (V.O)
-and some stayed back with us. Maybe the devil you know less scary than the one you aint met yet.

76 EXT. ALAMO - VARIOUS SHOTS 76

We cut around the interior of the Alamo walls as a drizzling RAIN falls and the BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES. Men huddle wretchedly in the doorways of the long barracks, others feed scraps of wood to pitiful little FIRES set near the base of the walls, warming their hands. FLIES and VULTURES crawl over the pile of skin and bone and offal heaped in the corner of the cattle pen as Joe helps hack a scrawny, just-killed BULL apart in SLOW-MOTION. Over all this we hear the voice of William Travis-

TRAVIS (V.O)
'To the People of Texas and all Americans in the world-- I am besieged by a thousand or more Mexicans under Santa Anna. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword if the fort is taken. I shall never surrender or retreat!'

77 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 77

Travis' voice CROSS-FADES with that of Albert Martin-

ALBERT MARTIN
'I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character- '

The street is packed shoulder-to-shoulder with DELEGATES and INTERESTED PARTIES as Albert Martin stands on the tavern porch reading the rest of the dispatch from Travis-

ALBERT MARTIN
'-to come to our aid with all dispatch. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due his own honor and that of his country. *Victory or Death!*'

A long silence. A delegate wipes a tear from his cheek. Then SIDNEY SHERMAN steps forward-

SIDNEY SHERMAN
Who will follow me to Béxar!

SHOUTS of agreement and anger from the crowd-

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Words that stir the blood!

All heads turn-

Sam Houston sits on his WHITE HORSE at the rear of the crowd, as if he's been there all along-

HOUSTON
I commend your boldness, friend- but I fear it is misplaced.

SIDNEY SHERMAN
Those men must be saved!

Houston calmly turns to address James Robinson-

HOUSTON
What, sir, is the news from your Matamoros adventure?

Robinson scowls. Delegates GRUMBLE, look away, embarrassed. The ragged-looking Texian who almost joined Houston before, Tubbs, speaks up-

TUBBS
I was with him.

We TIGHTEN on his face-

TUBBS
About half of the fellas had already left cause there was no grub and no glory- we got down near San Patricio and was out looking for some more horses- -when the Mexican cavalry caught us in the open. You know how they can ride. They kilt Dr. Grant with them lances--

Tubbs shakes his head-

TUBBS
Weren't but a handful of us got away.

HOUSTON
Caught in the open- where General Santa Anna will have us if we stumble unprepared to Béxar! Our strength dissipated, our homesteads put under the torch one by one, our cattle slaughtered, our precious wives and virgin daughters defiled!

He's got their attention with 'virgin daughters'. The mood of the crowd has changed from rash attack to the fear of being overrun. He dismounts, looks to Albert Martin and Sam Maverick-

HOUSTON
How many Mexicans were there when you left?

ALBERT MARTIN
They were still comin-

HOUSTON
How many?

SAM MAVERICK
There was hundreds at least, Sam.

ALBERT MARTIN
Mr. Crockett said he thought he counted a thousand-

HOUSTON (stunned)
Crockett is in the Alamo?

SAM MAVERICK
Hell of a nice fella. Not so wild as you'd expect.

HOUSTON (frustrated)
I told them not to get forted up!

TUBBS
What are we gonna do, General?

Nobody challenges the title. Houston turns his attention to the expectant crowd-

HOUSTON
It is vital- that we have an army before we confront the enemy! We must draw him away from the open plains and into the woodlands of east Texas. We must recall Fannin and his men from Goliad and order Travis, if he has not already done so, to disengage from the enemy and make his way to join us here.

SAM MAVERICK
But what if they can't get out?

A turning point. Houston chooses his words carefully-

HOUSTON
We can't sacrifice Texas for a hundred stragglers.

SIDNEY SHERMAN
This is cowardice!

A COMMOTION, charges and counter-charges SHOUTED as the delegates turn on Houston and each other-

MATT

The SOUND FADES as Matt watches from the doorway behind Albert-

MATT (V.O.)
There wadn't any way to know if what the General was saying was right or not-

POV - HOUSTON

MATT (V.O.)
-but he sure made you want to believe him.

Houston stands calmly, above the squabbling, looking like the father of Texas. We TIGHTEN on his face-

MATT (V.O)
When the fur stopped flyin-

78 EXT. CONSULTATION CABIN - DAY 78

We see a newly-made LONE STAR FLAG being run up the pole over the Consultation cabin-

MATT (V.O)
-we'd voted for full independence from Mexico, General Houston was put back in charge of buildin the Army-

79 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 79

Matt runs out of the tavern with a bundle over his shoulder, his Paw in hot pursuit with a chair leg-

MATT (V.O)
-and I'd upped and joined it.

Paw gives up, winded, and we PAN to see Matt run down the street toward a group of thirty or forty RECRUITS mustering around Houston on his WHITE HORSE-

80 EXT. ALAMO WALL - NIGHT 80

Two SENTRIES on the east wall above the main gate look out into the darkness. The BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES-

CONLEY
I hear em. I swear I hear em.

FLYNN
It's me belly, growlin from hunger-

REDOUBT

Travis demonstrates shotgun technique to Joe-

TRAVIS
This weapon isn't much good unless they breach the walls-

JOE
I'll keep that in mind, sir.

TRAVIS
Brace it against your hip, not your shoulder- have you ever fired a weapon at a man?

JOE
I never been 'lowed to hold one before.

Travis looks at Joe as if seeing him for the first time. He hands him the shotgun-

TRAVIS
Then this will be quite an opportunity for you.

PALISADE

Crockett, Daniel Cloud and William Patton have drawn the night guard at the palisade. An occasional ROCKET lights up the sky, arcing over and landing in the parade behind them-

DANIEL CLOUD
You probly been in lots worse fixes than this one, haven't you Mr. Crockett?

CROCKETT
Oh, sure. First time I stood up to speak before Congress, my mouth was dryer than a Quaker in a cracker barrel.
(the men laugh)
Saw so many politicians run for the door I thought the building was on fire.

PATTON
We were wonderin- well, we figure since every one of us could account for ten of them-

DANIEL CLOUD
And we got over a hundred could fight if we went out-

PATTON
I bet we could lick em.

CROCKETT
You got a plan, tell it to Colonel Travis.

PATTON
We were countin on you, Davy. In all your Indian fightin, you must have-

CROCKETT
I wasn't ever in but one real scrape in my life, fellas.

This is news to Davy's young companions-

DANIEL CLOUD
In the books-

CROCKETT
That fella in the books been pumped up so much I don't recognize him.

PATTON
But you were in the Red Stick War, weren't you?

Crockett trades a look with Micajah Autry-

CROCKETT (reluctant)
Yeah. I was in that.

We slowly TRACK IN as he speaks-

CROCKETT
I was just about your age when it broke out. The Creeks boxed up oh-four, five hundred people at Fort Nims. Massacred every one of em-

AUTRY
In a fort.

CROCKETT (nods)
So I up and joined the volunteers. Mostly I was a scout, brought in a lot of deer for the cookfire. We caught up with the redskins at Tallusahatchee. We surrounded the whole village and come in from all directions--

He stops for a moment, remembering-

CROCKETT
It wasn't much of a fight, really, we just- shot em like dogs.

We are in a full CLOSE-UP now-

CROCKETT
Finally what was left of em crowded into this little cabin- maybe they wanted to surrender, but this squaw let loose with an arrow and hit one of the fellas, so we all shot her and then- set fire to the cabin. We could hear em screaming. We could smell em.

He lowers his voice, looking away from the other men-

CROCKETT
We hadn't et nothin but parched corn since October and that was near gone. The next day when we went through the ashes we found these potaters they'd stored under the cabin. They'd been- cooked- by the grease that run off them Indians. We ate till we near burst.

It is quiet for a long moment-

CROCKETT
Since then, you pass me the taters, I'll pass em right back.

BLAM! A GUNSHOT from the gate brings them all to their feet-

PATTON
They coming?

CONLEY (from the wall)
I think I hit one of em!

The men stand listening for a moment, rifles ready--- then from the darkness we hear a discouraging word-

ELI (O.S.)
Son of a got-damn walleyed bitch hit me! I look like a greaser, you blind fuckin turd?

COLORADO (O.S.)
Open the gate! It's us!

Travis calls from the REDOUBT, pistol and sword in hand, a CANNONEER beside him ready to fire a cannister load if this is a trick-

TRAVIS
Open it up, men.

A pair of men pull the gate OPEN and the GONZALES PARTY, armed MEN on horseback, led by Colorado Smith, walk their horses in. There is a WHOOP from the defenders-

BAUGH
They're here! The reinforcements! They're here!

Susanna Dickenson rushes out from the infirmary to see-

Crockett and the Tennessee boys are grinning and CHEERING-

BOWIE - SICK ROOM.

Jim Bowie lifts his head from his sweat-drenched pillow. Juana calls from the doorway-

JUANA (Spanish)
They've come, James! The others have come!

COURTYARD

Colorado dismounts and gives Travis a smiling salute-

COLORADO
I figure this is every able-bodied man in Gonzales.

Most of the DEFENDERS gather around, shaking hands and slapping backs as the newcomers dismount. A couple help the WOUNDED MAN, Eli, off his horse-

TRAVIS
You were undetected?

COLORADO
You stay clear of the roads you can ease through.

TRAVIS
And Fannin is behind you?

COLORADO
He's not here?

An awkward silence-

The Gonzales men are as stunned to hear that Fannin's troop isn't already there as the defenders are to hear he's not just outside-

COLORADO
I talked to him three days ago. The sonofabitch said he was coming-

TRAVIS
Perhaps he is-- in transit-

COLORADO
I brung thirty-two men, Colonel- though your sentry winged Eli pretty bad.

TRAVIS (crestfallen)
Thirty-two-

Crockett looks around at the dejected faces of his comrades. Some spirits that need lifting-

CROCKETT
And if they aint the purtiest-lookin bunch of Texians I ever seen. Let's hear it for Gonzales, fellas!

The men CHEER-

81 INT. YTURRI HOUSE - NIGHT 81

Santa Anna smokes a cigarillo as he plays CARDS with a half-dozen of his STAFF, Escobar recording his statements-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
In Oaxaca they are impressive, yes, and the ones in Puebla have their aficionados. But the tits on the women in my Jalapa- they are a national treasure.

LAUGHTER from the staff. A MESSENGER steps in, breathless, coming to attention and saluting. Santa Anna doesn't look up from his hand-

MESSENGER
¡Mi general!

SANTA ANNA
Dígame-

MESSENGER (Spanish)
There is news from yanquis in San Felipe- they have declared themselves a Republic.

The staff look to their leader- he is less than pleased.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Republic. Pirates use this word to justify their crimes!

MESSENGER (nervous, Spanish)
There is another matter-- it seems, General, that unfortunately-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Get to the point, son.

MESSENGER (Spanish)
Some rebels have managed to get past us- and into the fort.

Santa Anna doesn't seem fazed, studying his cards-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
How many?

MESSENGER (Spanish)
Maybe thirty, General.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
So it is not Houston.

Santa Anna pushes GOLD COINS into the kitty, smiles-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
But the pot grows richer.

82 EXT. ALAMO - MEXICAN BATTERY - DAY 82

Much closer now, Mexican cannon FIRE on the Alamo, its walls visibly in worse shape then the last time we saw them-

ANOTHER BATTERY FIRES from the north-

ANOTHER BATTERY, at the edge of town, FIRES-

An ARTILLERY OFFICER raises his arm, then FREEZES, listening-

The members of the Mexican GUN CREW pause as well, listening--

A STRANGE MUSIC wafts across the no-man's-land from the Alamo. BAGPIPE MUSIC---

CREW MEMBER (Spanish)
They're killing cats.

JOE (V.O.)
The folks inside figured they owed them what come from Gonzales some kind of thank-you-kindly-

83 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 83

Sheltered against the west wall, much of the garrison gather around Scotsman JOHN MCGREGOR playing the BAGPIPES as David Crockett accompanies him on FIDDLE. Joe watches, dubious-

JOE (V.O.)
-even if they wasn't so many of em. Mr. Crockett and the Scotchman played some music I hadn't never heard the <u>like</u> of.

The Mexican CANNON continue to BLAST away at the walls-

CORRAL - TRAVIS AND BONHAM

The ARTILLERY BARRAGE and the MUSIC CONTINUE. Starving HORSES shift uneasily as Travis hands Bonham a dispatch-

TRAVIS
I'm sorry you have to risk leaving in daylight-

BONHAM
No matter-

Travis nods to the friskiest of the horses-

TRAVIS
Take Colonel Bowie's horse. I don't believe he'll be needing it.

84 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE - DAY 84

We TIGHTEN on Jim Bowie, tossing and turning in a fevered sleep, the sound of the MUSIC and BOMBARDMENT RISING as we reach an EXTREME CLOSE-UP and-

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. SAND BAR - DAY 85

MUSIC and CANNON FIRE CONTINUE throughout as-

On a wooded SAND BAR in the middle of the Mississippi River we see a half dozen ROWBOATS pulled up on the shore-

Two men, WELLS and MADDOX pace away from each other, PISTOLS in hand. Their SECONDS and FRIENDS watch at the edge of the trees on either side of a CLEARING. The duellists turn, aim-

BOOM! CANNONFIRE accompanies the simultaneous FLASH from the pistols. Both men remain standing-

Bowie, younger, watches with the Wells' party-

The duellists lower their pistols, walk toward each other, hands extended in truce-

Bowie and the others behind him walk forward-

The Maddox party, which includes ROBERT CRAIN and Bowie's old antagonist NORRIS WRIGHT, begin to walk forward to the center of the clearing as well-

Most of the men are smiling and shaking hands, but two, Crain and GENERAL CUNY, face off and begin to ARGUE-

Growing red in the face, Crain throws out an insult- BOOM! The CANNON FIRE RESUMES-

BOOM! BOOM! CANNON BLASTS punctuate Cuny's replies, the MUSIC growing wilder, LOUDER-

MUSIC CONTINUES, fiddle SCREECHING, bagpipes WAILING as the truce falls apart (each pistol shot is punctuated by CANNON on the TRACK)-

Cuny and Crain pull out their PISTOLS. Bowie, standing just behind Cuny, pulls his out as well. Crain FIRES-

Bowie FIRES back, clipping Crain's cravat but not hurting him. Crain draws his second pistol and FIRES, hitting General Cuny in the thigh, BLOOD SPURTING-

Crain starts to run back toward the trees, but Bowie draws his huge KNIFE from its scabbard and chases him! Crain whirls and throws his empty pistol full force, smacking Bowie square in the forehead-

Bowie is staggered, falling back against an upended DRIFTWOOD TREE. DENNY, one of Wells' party, comes to his aid, but now Wright is there, FIRING his pistol, the ball blowing two of Denny's FINGERS off and passing into Bowie's lungs!

Bowie lunges toward Wright, who runs away. The BLANCHARD BROTHERS FIRE their pistols at Bowie, one shot hitting him in the thigh and bringing him down. Wright turns, pulling the tip off his SWORD CANE to reveal the sharp BLADE, and begins to stab at Bowie on the ground, joined by Alfred Blanchard with his sword cane-

Bowie flails with legs and knife, being STABBED repeatedly while nicking his assailants several times-

Finally Bowie manages to sit up, grabbing Wright by the collar. When Wright straightens it pulls Bowie to his feet and he thrusts the knife deep into Wright's chest!

A frozen moment, the two old enemies staring into each other's eyes, Wright's wide in shock, Bowie's hard with rage-

Bowie twists the knife sideways. BLOOD SPURTS as the last note SCRAPES on the FIDDLE-

86 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE - DAY 86

Bowie's eyes pop open, he GASPS, hand darting out to-

-grab Travis by the arm. Travis is leaning over Bowie, concerned-

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie?

Bowie is drenched in sweat, just back from the deadly nightmare. He pulls Travis down till he can croak a single phrase into his ear-

BOWIE
Fight to the end.

87 EXT. SAN FELIPE-GONZALES ROAD - DAY 87

A motley bunch of fifty TEXIAN RECRUITS walk toward Gonzales, a few WAGONS pull of supplies being hauled behind them-

MATT (V.O)
We set off for Gonzales with what men the General could scrape together, hopin that Fannin and all the rest would meet us there.

Matt marches in the ranks, rifle over his shoulder, tomahawk in his belt-

MATT (V.O)
Soldierin wasn't no picnic, but it was good to get out and take a look at the world.

HOUSTON

Houston walks his horse at the head of the column as they pass a dog-trot CABIN, an Anglo WOMAN distrustfully hurrying her pair of tow-headed CHILDREN inside-

MATT (V.O)
And when the world got a look at us, it didn't much care for what it saw.

Houston raises his arm for a halt as he sees a pair of riders waiting ahead at a CROSSROADS- Deaf Smith and Juan Seguín. The troops fall out to rest-

MATT, TEXIANS

Matt sits heavily on the ground by the others, pulls off a shoe to examine his blisters. Snopes eyes the nearby BARN-

SNOPES
Bet there's some eggs in that barn.

MATT
Why'd you wanna steal from these folks?

RECRUIT
Who's that?

Matt looks ahead as Juan Seguín, boné-tired and dusty from the road, walks his exhausted mount beside Houston-

MATT
That's Captain Seguín. He's been in it since before they took Béxar.

RECRUIT
Captain? I didn't come here to take orders from some greaser-

MATT
Juan Seguín aint no greaser. Around here he's kinda like- royalty.

Deaf Smith has dismounted and come over to join them-

DEAF SMITH
Fellas-

MATT
What's the word from the Alamo, Mr. Smith?

DEAF SMITH
It aint good.

HOUSTON AND SEGUÍN

The two men walk their horses away to speak in private-

SEGUÍN
There is a red flag over the plaza!

HOUSTON
Look at these men, Juan. You think they can stand up to a thousand of Santa Anna's regulars?

Seguín looks at the men despondently. No way. Sidney Sherman is circulating, spreading dissent among the recruits, pointing down the road that leads to Béxar-

HOUSTON
Texas is full of hotheads in a rush to get themselves killed. Somebody has to be willing pull the reins in on them, no matter how much they fight it. Now Colonel Travis and his men have bought us valuable time, but I will not-

SEGUÍN
If you don't even try-

HOUSTON (grim)
If I don't try I'll be the man who abandoned David Crockett and the gallant defenders of the Alamo.

Seguín meets his eye, understanding the weight of the decision that must be made-

HOUSTON
So be it.

Houston turns-

HOUSTON
Captain Karnes!

KARNES
Sir!

HOUSTON
We're moving out.

KARNES
To Béxar, sir?

Most of the men are on their feet now, watching expectantly. Houston looks down the Béxar road, steels himself-

HOUSTON
No, Captain. We continue to Gonzales.

Much GRUMBLING among the troops. Karnes is disappointed but passes the order on-

KARNES
Form ranks!

TEXIANS

Sidney Sherman mutters behind Matt as the men fall in-

SIDNEY SHERMAN
Man doesn't have an ounce of fight in his body.

WIDE SHOT

Juan Seguín watches dolefully from his horse as the troop marches past him, several of the men sneaking a look down the Béxar road-

MATT (V.O)
As far as we could tell, the plan was to wait in Gonzales for Colonel Fannin's outfit to join us-

HOUSTON

Houston's face is set with determination as he rides ahead-

MATT (V.O)
-and then see about the folks in the Alamo.

88 EXT. GOLIAD - DAY 88

A long, stalled column of TEXIANS reaches back toward the mission fortress-

MATT (V.O)
But it didn't exactly work out that way.

Ehrenberg is swearing a blue streak in GERMAN as his companion, PETRUSSEWICZ, agrees in Polish-

EHRENBERG (German)
You don't vote in the army! There is a commander and he decides and you follow his orders right or wrong!

PETRUSSEWICZ (Polish)
In Poland this man would be dead. A mutiny-

His voice is drowned out by CLATTERING HOOVES. James Butler Bonham races past them toward the head of the column-

James Fannin supervises as Texians try to jack up an overladen WAGON with a BUSTED AXLE. The unhitched OX-TEAM grazes placidly nearby as Texians curse and strain to lift it-

FANNIN
We might have to unload it first.

Bonham rides up and dismounts, furious-

BONHAM
You haven't left yet!

FANNIN
We've had a misfortune with our supply wagon.

BONHAM
We've been under seige for over a week, and you-

FANNIN
At the Point we were taught never to expose our men in the open without-

BONHAM
You're exposing them now!

FANNIN
You're quite right, Lieutenant.

He looks at the DARKENING SKY, calls to his second in command-

FANNIN
Have the men pull those cannon back into the fort! There seems to be a storm brewing.

Several of the men scowl at this turnaround, but grudgingly head back toward the fort-

FANNIN
Mr. Houston has requested that I retreat to Gonzales, but as I do not recognize his command, I-

BONHAM (desperate)
Let me take a hundred of your people and whatever they can carry! We could reach the Alamo by-

FANNIN
I will abandon this position empty of powder and provision or I will defend it to the last man- but I will not divide my force.

BONHAM
Instead you will equivocate until it is too late to save either garrison!

They stare at each other for a long moment-

FANNIN
I would answer your comment, sir, on the field of honor. However, my responsibilities will not afford me that pleasure.

He turns his back on Bonham and heads for the mission-

FANNIN
Inform Colonel Travis that we shall proceed to Béxar with all prudent haste.

89 EXT. ALAMO - WIDE SHOT - MORNING 89

We see the SUN RISING past the walls of the Alamo chapel-

90 INT. INFIRMARY - DAY 90

Susanna Dickenson begins to drink a dipper of WATER from a pan, hesitates. She takes a whiff of it, makes a face, dumps it back-

JOE (V.O.)
We got to feelin the whole world went an forgot about us.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! the howitzer SHELLS EXPLODE outside.

JOE (V.O.)
Cept them three thousand Meskins-

Wiley limps up to Susanna, carrying a rifle. He clearly has a crush on her-

WILEY
M'am-

SUSANNA
You're leaving?

WILEY
I can't run but I can shoot. They might could use me on the walls.
(bashful)
I sure do appreciate all you done for me. When you're bad hurt, it's good to-- you know- have someone to think about. To put your mind off it.

SUSANNA (deadpan)
I'm glad I could help.

WILEY
Well- be seein you.

Wiley limps out. Susanna, flattered, smiles-

91 EXT. MAIN GATE WALL - SENTRY 91

The SENTRY on the main gate wall CALLS OUT-

SENTRY
Rider coming in!

James Butler Bonham is coming in from the east, between the powderhouse and a Mexican battery, racing his mount flat out, a quartet of Mexican LANCERS chasing him toward the fort!

Crockett rushes up to the firing trench of the PALISADE-

CROCKETT
It's Bonham! He's got company!

Several men come up beside Crockett, all carefully aiming their rifles- BLAM! BLAM! BLAMBLAMBLAM!

One lancer is blown off his horse, while another has his mount shot from under him. They stop chasing Bonham, pulling up to help their wounded off the field-

COURTYARD

Joe grabs Bonham's mount as Travis and Crockett approach-

TRAVIS
Fannin?

BONHAM (dismounts)
I seriously doubt that Colonel Fannin will be joining us.

Crockett and Joe are crestfallen. Travis gives Bonham a searching look-

TRAVIS
But you came back-

BONHAM
I believe you have earned the courtesy of a reply.

Travis nods, extremely flattered-

BONHAM
As I was riding in, the Mexicans- they were building ladders.

Travis and Crockett exchange a look-

TRAVIS
Joe- find Colonel Bonham something to eat.

Crockett and Travis watch Bonham walk away with Joe-

TRAVIS (musing)
His family lived in the town I was raised in back in South Carolina. They were- quality.

Crockett looks toward the gate, brooding-

CROCKETT
What are you going to tell the men?

TRAVIS
If if tell them the truth of the situation they may choose to attempt an escape- which I believe would be disastrous.

Crockett ponders this a moment-

CROCKETT
My time in Washington- the fellas in Congress made a good deal of sport of me. I learned a hell of a lot from them- learned how to dress, what fork to use in polite company- but I never learned to lie.

He looks back at the men in the fort, most of them watching Travis for a clue as to what the situation-

CROCKETT
These people in here been through an awful lot. I'd say they've earned somethin-

ENSIGN BAUGH approaches. Men are watching from all around them now, eager to hear the news-

TRAVIS (still undecided)
Ensign Baugh- have the men fall in.

92 EXT. COURTYARD - LATER 92

Joe stands to one side, watching with Almeron and Susanna Dickenson and some of the Tejana women and children. Susanna holds little Angelina in her arms-

TRAVIS, MEN

Once again Travis has mustered the men. This is a dirtier, hungrier, more desperate group than on the first day of the seige. Travis waves a dispatch, smiling-

TRAVIS
I have a rather outdated letter here- purporting that our comrades in arms are on their way from both San Felipe and Goliad-

Crockett and Travis meet eyes for a moment-

Travis, his smile fading, delivers the news-

TRAVIS
-but I have no indication when- or if- this relief will arrive.

The men react. Murmurs-

Joe studies the men's faces. A motley crew of old and young, educated and ignorant, Scotsmen, Germans, Welsh, Irish, Americans, Tejanos- realize the depth of the shit they've landed in-

TRAVIS
Texas-- has been a second chance for me. I expect that might be true for many of you men.

Crockett listens, his Tennesseans arrayed behind him-

TRAVIS
It has been a chance not only for land and riches- but- -but a chance to be a different man. A better man.

We TRACK in front of the men, the words taking effect-

TRAVIS
There have been many ideas brought forth in the last few months of what Texas is, of what it should become.

We see the TEJANOS left inside-

TRAVIS
We are not all in agreement.

Travis is articulating this for the first time, even to himself-

TRAVIS
I'd like each of you men- to think of what it is you value so highly that you are willing to fight and possibly to die for it. We will call that Texas.

Travis looks into the eyes of the soldiers. They are with him now-

TRAVIS
The Mexicans hope to lure us into attemping escape. In the open, without our cannon- they will cut us to pieces. If we force the enemy to attack, however- we will show him what true patriots are made of.

The defenders ponder what this means-

TRAVIS
If any of you choose to depart under the white flag of surrender- you may do so now.

Nobody speaks. Nobody moves-

TRAVIS
Very well. If- when the attack comes-- we must sell our lives dearly.

93 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - NIGHT 93

We TRACK down a line of the poorer CONSCRIPTS, waiting for something. Jesús sits on a stump, trying on a new pair of SHOES from a mountainous PILE of SHOES and SANDALS for the men to choose from, no lefts or rights, just big and small. The Sargento stands beside him, looking out at the scrub-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Why are we fighting for this? It's the end of the earth.

JESÚS (Spanish)
Where do you come from, Sergeant?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
From the port of Veracruz. All my brothers are sailors.

JESÚS (Spanish)
But not you?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
I get seasick.
(calls to others)
Choose with care, boys! You could be wearing these in the afterlife.

94 INT. YTURRI HOUSE - EVENING 94

Santa Anna and his officers stand around a table with a detailed MAP of the Alamo and the surrounding Mexican positions on it. He seems bouyant, loving the game-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
We will close in from every direction, swiftly and without warning. General Cos- your men will have the opportunity to regain their honor- they will be the first to engage the enemy cannons here at the north wall-

GENERAL COS (tense, Spanish)
Thank you, my General-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
At ten o'clock we will silence the artillery. Let the gringos sleep tonight.

95 EXT. ALAMO WALL - EVENING 95

Travis stands with Bonham, Jameson and Crockett on the north wall gun platform, looking down over the fort-

TRAVIS
The enemy will suffer terrible casualties from our cannon and rifle fire in the initial assault- terrible casualties. We can only hope that this discourages them sufficiently-- However, if it does not-

CROCKETT
They'll just keep coming.

TRAVIS
When- if- the walls are breached in any sector, we will be forced to fall back into the buildings along the parade-

The men look around the walls, imagining-

96 INT. YTURRI HOUSE - EVENING 96

Santa Anna continues with his instructions-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
General Ramirez y Sesma will patrol the perimeter with his lancers to deal with those of the enemy who run from the fort-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
Excuse me General, but if we were to continue the bombardment but a few more days, the rebels would-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The rebels would most likely surrender.

ALMONTE (Spanish)
Yes, and our men will not be slaughtered in-

SANTA ANNA (indignant, Spanish)
I will not allow the glory of this battle to be stolen from me!

97 EXT. ALAMO - NORTH WALL - NIGHT 97

Texians are building a REVETMENT- a log scaffolding to shore up the crumbling north wall. Some hammer the last of the logs into place while others dump earth into the space between wall and wood, packing it down-

Travis watches from atop the wall-

TRAVIS
That will have to do for now. You men take your positions.

We FOLLOW Travis down the west wall, stepping past exhausted men, lying with several RIFLES and MUSKETS laid out next to them, all loaded, some fitted with BAYONETS. Travis calls to the PICKET posted beyond the wall-

TRAVIS
You awake out there?

GRIMES (O.S.)
I'm here, Colonel.

He comes to Ensign Baugh, the officer of the watch-

BAUGH
I believe some of these men could sleep through the end of the world.

TRAVIS
See that they don't.

PALISADE

Crockett and his friends are leaning their loaded weapons- several for each man- up against the wall of the palisade. Crockett is trying to keep his best face on what he knows is a hopeless situation-

CROCKETT
We ought to get off four or five clear shots before we have to reload.

DANIEL CLOUD
And if they come over the wall behind us?

Crockett winks at the others-

CROCKETT
In that case, Daniel, we gonna have a fight on our hands.

98 INT. TRAVIS' ROOM - NIGHT 98

Joe sleeps on a cot. Travis writes at his desk-

TRAVIS (softly)
'My dearest son-- '

99 EXT. ALAMO - NIGHT 99

MOONLIGHT on the Alamo as we FLOAT over the walls, looking down on SLEEPING MEN sprawled by their weapons. The CANNONADE and MUSIC have STOPPED-

100 EXT. BÉXAR CEMETERY - DREAMSCAPE - NIGHT 100

TUMBLEWEED blows in SLOW MOTION between the headstones and crosses in the Béxar cemetery. A FIGURE IN WHITE stands in a weed-choked corner, back to us. We TRACK IN slowly. The figure TURNS- it is Ursula Veramendi, WEDDING DRESS riffling in SLOW MOTION in the breeze. She smiles, beckons us closer, but we TRACK BACK, back, back, unable to take her offered hand-

101 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE 101

Bowie's eyes open slowly. He WHISPERS a single word-

BOWIE
Ursula.

102 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - NIGHT 102

Jesús is wakened gently by the Sargento, who immediately puts a finger to his lips. All around him soldiers are preparing for battle- tightening belts, loading weapons, kneeling for their last prayers- all without uttering a word-

Hundreds of men get ready, the Alamo seemingly asleep in the distance under the MOONLIGHT-

ALAMO WALLS

We TRACK past several Texians, exhausted, sprawled next to their loaded rifles on the parapet, dead asleep-

COS COLUMN

Jesús falls into step with the hundreds of men approaching the fort from the north. They step carefully, silently-

General Cos watches, revenge and redemption on his mind-

103 INT. CHAPEL - MEN - NIGHT 103

The Tennesseans sit with their backs against the chapel walls, faces bathed in eerie CANDLELIGHT. The men are all sleeping- except for Crockett. He has his FIDDLe out on his lap, moodily PICKING NOTES on the strings-

104 EXT. FORT 104

Jesús walks among the MILITIA in the column of General Cós, a hundred other militiamen and two hundred uniformed FUSILIERS with him heading for the NORTHWEST CORNER of the Alamo. Ten LADDERS, a couple men with CROWBARS and AXES-

The men of Colonel DUQUE'S COLUMN, four hundred strong, also with ten LADDERS, peel off from behind the Cós column and head for the center of the recently-scaffolded NORTH WALL-

Three hundred RIFLEMEN under Colonel Romero approach from the northeast, heading for the LOW WALLS of the CATTLE PEN and HORSE CORRAL, carrying six LADDERS-

One hundred RIFLEMEN under Morales move from the south toward the low PALISADE by the CHAPEL, lugging two LADDERS-

We see FEET marching forward almost silently, in boots, shoes, sandals-

The SHADOWS of a multitude of SOLDIERS move across the ground. We TILT UP- the Alamo walls loom closer, closer-

Grimes sleeps in a little DUG-OUT position twenty yards from the Alamo walls. A HAND covers his mouth, his eyes pop open as a BAYONET is rammed into his chest-

The miltiamen move forward silently. Jesús is terrified, his face drawn tight in the MOONLIGHT. The MAN beside him can't contain himself anymore, suddenly SHOUTING-

NERVOUS SOLDIER
¡Viva Santa Anna!

ANOTHER VOICE calls out from Duque's column to the left-

VOICE
¡Viva la República!

Suddenly men are YELLING from all sides of the fort and RUNNING, Jesús swept up in it as they are running out of ranks toward the walls!

PARAPET - ENSIGN BAUGH

Baugh sprints toward the OFFICER'S QUARTERS-

BAUGH
Colonel Travis! They're coming!

105 INT. TRAVIS' ROOM 105

Travis wakes at his desk, Joe leaps off his cot, both grabbing a weapon. They rush out and we HOLD on the unfinished LETTER-

PARAPET, TRAVIS

He races toward the NORTH WALL, crossing past Baugh, shouting-

TRAVIS
Come on boys! The Mexicans are upon us! We'll give them hell!

Bonham, Almeron Dickenson and the rest of the crew wake and spring up behind their cannons on the CHAPEL PLATFORM-

Crockett and his bunch run out from the chapel toward the PALISADE-

TEXIANS come sprinting out of the doorways of the LONG BARRACKS, rifles in hand, spreading out in four directions to their stations-

COS COLUMN, JESÚS

Running toward the wall, closer, closer- BLAM! SCREAMS as the first round of CANNISTER SHOT rips through the tightly-packed militiamen, Jesús sprayed with BLOOD as men all around him go down! POP! POP! POP! POP! The Texian RIFLES begin to take their toll. Jesús is swept back as men in front of him turn to run but there is the Sargento and a half dozen of his counterparts flailing at the men with their STAFFS, driving them toward the wall-

SARGENTO
¡Adelante! ¡Adelante, cobardes, adelante!

Jesús is pushed forward now, and with many of the men begins to sprint for the shelter of the base of the wall-

CHAPEL PLATFORM

We look past the cannons as BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! they fire down into the Romero column, the front lines of the attackers blown off their feet-

BLAM! The cannon mounted at the corner of the CATTLE PEN blasts the Romero men from the other side, a SOLID BALL cutting a diagonal swath through the running soldiers. Texian RIFLEMEN unloose a VOLLEY into the now confused mass. The whole column veers north, where BOOM! BOOM! the CHAPEL CANNON blast them again from above-

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! Crockett and his men FIRE into the advancing Morales column, men falling left and right and BLAM! The single CANNON FIRES, levelling a dozen Mexican soldiers and turning the column west toward the GATE-

JESÚS

Jesús is sprinting, sprinting, men falling on all sides, he is SCREAMING without knowing it and KABLAM! a cannon unloads and half the men to the left are SHREDDED by cannister! He keeps sprinting, finally slamming against the base of the wall with the Sargento and a dozen other survivors-

NORTH WALL PLATFORM

Travis shouts orders to the cannoneers as he rushes to the edge of the NORTH WALL with his shotgun-

TRAVIS
Tilt the cannon! Keep them off the walls!

He leans out over the wall and BLAM! FIRES his shotgun down-

JESUS, MEN

The Sargento and a man beside him are BLASTED to the ground, as Jesús FIRES up over his head without aiming, panicked-

TRAVIS

-SPAT! The ball hits Travis square in the forehead, knocking him back head-over-heels down the ramp! He rolls to a stop at the feet of Joe, just arriving. Joe kneels, turns him over- Travis stares with lifeless eyes, a thread of blood running from the hole in his forehead.

Joe stands, takes a few bold steps up the ramp, stops-- he looks around at the shouting, shooting DEFENDERS on the walls around him, then gently lays his shotgun down and backs toward the shelter of the long barracks-

JESÚS, MEN

Jesús fumbles to reload his musket as three dozen men now hug the base of the wall, Texians FIRING down into them. Jesús spills powder, drops his musket ball- the OFFICER beside him SCREAMING back toward the troops who are running around the corner toward the west wall-

OFFICER (Spanish)
The ladders! Bring us the ladders!

DUQUE COLUMN

Colonel Duque's men, losing momentum, slow down fifty yards from the north wall-

COLONEL DUQUE (Spanish)
Volley formation!

The front row of his ragged lines drop to one knee, aiming through the heavy GUNSMOKE, the men behind them standing to aim over them-

COLONEL DUQUE
¡Fuego!

BA-BA-BA-BAM! They unleash a VOLLEY at the north wall-

JESÚS, MEN

Several of the men with Jesús are HIT in the volley, BALLS RICOCHETING off the wall by his head. Jesús throws himself on the ground as the Officer SCREAMS toward Duque's column-

OFFICER
¡No disparen! ¡No disparen!

BA-BA-BA-BLAM! A second VOLLEY cuts him down!

PALISADE

Crockett and his men FIRE at the Morales column soldiers as they run to the right, OFFICERS cursing and striking the men-

MORALES COLUMN

The men run parallel to the fort, only a few pausing to FIRE up at the walls. Their ranks are thinned by constant RIFLE FIRE and BLAM! BLAM! the CANNON guarding the main gate tear into them as they pass, heading for the southwest corner and KABOOM! the 18-pounder has been swung around and FIRES into the mass of them, BODIES FLYING through the air!

WEST WALL

BLAM! the Navy gun FIRES out through its hole in the wall but immediately a half-dozen SOLDIERS, their backs against the wall, wheel and FIRE their muskets into the hole-

OTHER SIDE OF WALL

The two TEXIANS operating the gun are blown back-

HOLE, MEXICANS

One of the men begins to chop at the hole with an AX, widening it-

WEST WALL

The Texians on top of the west wall have to expose themselves to get a shot off and are starting to FALL under the massed musket fire, leaving undefended gaps of several yards-

NORTH WALL

Texians push LADDERS away from the edge with their rifle butts or FIRE down at the climbing Mexicans, but each time another is thrown up to take its place. The MUSKET FIRE is heaviest here, defenders going down left and right as they are exposed-

Young Wiley smashes a Mexican trooper off the wall with his rifle butt, then BLAM! is shot point-blank in the face!

JESÚS

Jesús and dozens of other men are climbing up the scaffolding that supports the north wall, BLAM! men are shot and fall off whenever a Texian can lean over to fire-

AMADOR - RESERVES

General Juan Amador raises his sword to wave forward his reserves, only a hundred yards back from the north wall-

AMADOR
¡Adelante!

FOUR HUNDRED SOLDIERS respond, shouting, running forward toward the remnants of the Cos and Duque columns still struggling to scale the wall-

WALL

Baugh looks past the struggle just in front of him to the WAVE of charging RESERVES. He has less then a dozen men left on the north wall-

BAUGH
Fall back! Spike the cannons!

Immediately the surviving defenders fall back to the central ramp, FIRING, parrying BAYONET THRUSTS as the Mexicans start to breach the walls in twos and threes, then turning to RUN for the buildings in the courtyard-

SOUTHWEST CORNER - CANNON

Jameson sees the Mexicans behind them-

JAMESON
They're over the wall! Turn it around!

The CREW struggles to turn the big cannon around-

At the PALISADE Crockett hears, turns-

HUNDREDS of MEXICAN SOLDIERS are streaming over the NORTH WALL now, coming down the ramps!

CROCKETT
Behind us!

The men turn and begin to FIRE almost without aiming into the throng of invaders, reloading frantically-

18-POUNDER

Turned around now- KABOOM!

The Mexicans are driven back against the base of the wall as the artillery finds its mark!

BLAM! BLAM! Bonham and Almeron Dickenson are FIRING their CHAPEL GUNS into the courtyard as well-

Jesús is pinned against the base of the inside wall by a crush of dozen of bodies- BLAM! A CANNONBALL slams through the massed men and into the wall beside him, taking pieces of soldiers flying with it!

JACALES - SOUTHWEST CORNER

The remnants of the Morales column, sheltered in a group of half-collapsed jacales, see that the big guns are turned around and CHARGE SCREAMING toward them-

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

We see the whole layout from high above, Mexicans streaming in over the north wall, over and through the west wall, up and over the lunette at the main gate, into the cattle pen-

Ground level- MEXICAN TROOPS stream over the CATTLE PEN and FIRE at the Texians still in the HORSE CORRAL, HORSES WHINNYING and running in circles, LEAPING over the low walls-

We FOLLOW a half-dozen TEXIANS as they clamber over the wall and run with the panicked horses toward the swampy THICKET behind the chapel. One, two, three of them are cut down from behind by MUSKET FIRE, the others veering left as a squadron of LANCERS gallops toward them. Another goes down under horse's hooves and another is impaled by a lance. The last man reaches the thicket and tries to evade a trio of lancers who ride rings around him, herding him like a stray calf, horse hoofs SPLASHING in the swampy ground, lancers YIPPING with excitement. Finally the man dives into a tangle of spiny thicket; tries to crawl in deep, but is almost immediately PINIONED by a pair of lances, SCREAMING as he is pierced again and again-

SOUTHWEST CORNER

KABOOM! The 18-pounder is fired one last time, then PA-PA-PA-POW! a VOLLEY of musket fire cuts the TEXIAN CREW down from behind. LADDERS appear on the wall and MEXICAN SOLDIERS climb over, pushing the dead bodies of the Texians off the cannon and swinging it toward the CHAPEL-

HUNDREDS of Mexicans are inside the COURTYARD now, spreading out, FIRING into the buildings along the west wall and at the Texians holed up in the long barracks-

INSIDE the LONG BARRACKS men fire out through the loopholes, constant MUSKET FIRE WHAPPING the wall and ZINGING through openings into the GUNSMOKE-filled room-

Joe sits on a cot in the corner of one barracks room, dully watching the cursing Texians FIRE through their loopholes. He repeats over and over, softly-

JOE
Me naygro- yo soy naygro-

OUTSIDE Crockett and a dozen men FIRE at the enemy as they move sideways, most but not all making it into the SANDBAG-fortified front ENTRY of the CHAPEL-

Wiley stumbles into the INFIRMARY, his SCREAM MUFFLED as he holds what is left of his jaw in blood-smeared hands. Susanna Dickenson rushes to help him-

JESÚS

Face BLACKENED with powder, shirt flecked with BLOOD, Jesús is able to load his musket again and FIRE in through a window of one of the WEST WALL BUILDINGS-

The Mexicans have turned several CANNON to aim at the LONG BARRACKS- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INSIDE ROOM - LONG BARRACKS

CRASH! A huge chunk of wall comes flying in, taking a few men with it as a cannonball strikes-

LOOPHOLE - LONG BARRACKS

A rifle barrel with a WHITE RAG tied to it is poked out through a loophole-

A half-dozen Mexicans step toward it- BA-BA-BA-BAM! They are cut down by RIFLE FIRE from other Texians not yet willing to surrender-

The Subteniente, next to Jesús, screams out-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
Kill them! Kill them all!

BOOM! Another CANNON BLAST makes a breach in the long barracks wall and hundreds of Mexican soldiers rush forward, sweeping Jesús along with them-

SEVERAL SHOTS as the rooms of the long barracks are rushed by the wave of Mexicans, the defenders at the doors overwhelmed, Mexicans flooding in to the SMOKE-filled rooms, shooting, stabbing, screaming with blood-lust as the Texians fight back with knives, rifle butts, fists, feet, teeth-

A TEXIAN leaps at Jesús as he is pushed into a room, Jesús instinctively raising his rifle to IMPALE the man with his BAYONET, the man continuing to SCREAM and pummel Jesús with a pistol butt, pinning him against the wall-

INFIRMARY

A few wounded men FIRE their PISTOLS as Mexicans rush into the infirmary, clubbing and bayonetting everyone in sight-

Susanna, dress already soaked with blood, holds Wiley's head in her lap, SCREAMING as the invaders bayonet him again and again-

CHAPEL ROOF

Anthony Wolfe grabs his son up in his arms and LEAPS from the chapel roof just before a trio of Mexican soldiers reach them-

Bonham and Almeron Dickenson are riddled with GUN FIRE from every direction, Bonham falling draped over a cannon and Almeron blown back, rolling down the ramp into the-

-CHAPEL, rolling down to lodge against the legs of one of the Tennesseans FIRING out over the sandbag entrenchment-

CROCKETT
Powder!

AUTRY
I got nothing left, Davy!

DANIEL CLOUD
Me neither-

SOUTHWEST CORNER - 18-POUNDER

KA-BOOM! The 18-pounder is FIRED down at the CHAPEL ENTRANCE, blowing sandbags apart-

William Patton and several others are blown back, the rest ducking behind what's left of the barricade!

Crockett kneels by Patton, who is dying. Davy's arm is bleeding, shredded-

CROCKETT
Will-

PATTON
They've killed me.

CROCKETT
I'm real sorry I got you into this-

Patton just looks into his eyes, startled. He dies. Crockett turns-

WHAM! A CONCUSSION as another CANNON BLAST hits the remnants of the barricade, sandbags and other debris flying!

SICK ROOM

Bowie lies semi-conscious in his bed, breathing hard, beginning to MOAN as he shudders through a fever-dream. A half-dozen Mexican SOLDIERS rush into the sick room-

SOLDADO (Spanish)
There's one hiding here!

Bowie's eyes open in horror as the men ram their BAYONETS home, one with a PISTOL stepping close- BLAM!

HIGH ANGLE - COURTYARD

We look down from the southeast corner as the throng of MEXICAN TROOPS in the courtyard slaughter the Texians they drag out of the rooms of the various buildings. Several dozen face the front of the chapel, aiming their muskets-

GROUND LEVEL - MEXICANS

The Subteniente shouts the order to fire-

SUBTENIENTE
¡Fuego!

BA-BA-BA-BA-BAM! A tremendous VOLLEY!

INSIDE CHAPEL

Musket balls scream through the blasted front opening of the chapel, ricocheting off the walls. The defenders, dead and alive, are all down on the floor-

David Crockett, wounded but still alive, lifts his head. Only desultory GUN FIRE and the MOANS of the WOUNDED come from outside now-

The whole front of the chapel is filled with GUNSMOKE, obscuring the Mexicans outside-

Crockett and five other men rise, all wounded. A dozen DEAD TEXIANS lay at their feet. The men wield their rifles as clubs, brandish knives- one has only a chunk of stone in hand to fight with. They peer into the roiling SMOKE, waiting for the inevitable-

The other SOUNDS FADE AWAY and we are left only with their ragged BREATHING-

Crockett is smeared with gunpowder and blood, hatless, waiting. We TIGHTEN on his face as we hear-

ACTOR (V.O.)
I'm a ring-tailed roarer. I'm half cyclone, half snappin turtle with a dash of wolverine on my Mama's side. I can holler a polecat out of a hickory tree, drink a Dutchman under the table and swaller a draft mule in one gulp if you butter his head and pin his ears back. I can run further, climb higher and dive deeper than any critter on two legs and most with four.

The SMOKE begins to CLEAR--

ACTOR (O.S.)
I set up a holler on the day I was born and people been hearin its echo ever day since-----

We hear APPLAUSE which is quickly drowned out as fifty SCREAMING MEXICANS charge through the smoke, swords AND BAYONETS in hand. The SCREEN goes RED-

106 EXT. ALAMO - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 106

We DESCEND into the hell of the courtyard, BODIES of Mexicans and Texians everywhere, many SMOLDERING from close-range gun blasts, a few with their clothes still ON FIRE. WOUNDED MEXICANS scream out for help while others kick and club and stab at the dead Texians again and again, unhinged with fury. Joe is pushed out into the courtyard by a pair of soldiers as we reach ground level, hands over his head, pleading-

JOE
Yo soy naygro, me naygro, no disparro!

He is shoved past Jesús, who sits on the ground with dead bodies all around, musket beside him, WEEPING uncontrollably-

Santa Anna strolls in through the open front gate with Escobar taking notes on one side of him and Almonte on the other. The General is seemingly unfazed by the carnage around him-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
It's a massacre.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
These are only chickens. Much blood has been shed, but now the battle is over. It was no great matter.

Joe is driven before them. He is scared, certain he'll be killed like the others-

JOE
Me naygro- me no disparro-

Santa Anna lays a hand on his shoulder to calm him-

SANTA ANNA
Tranquilo, mi amigo. Te hemos libertado-

ALMONTE (translating)
Don't worry- we have made you free.

SANTA ANNA
Dígale que quisiera ver a los famosos-

ALMONTE
The General wishes to see the famous ones-

SANTA ANNA
-Croque, Travis, y el fanfurrón Buy.

ALMONTE
-Crockett, Travis, and the great bragger Bowie.

JOE
Yes sir. I can show you Colonel Travis.

He waves them toward the north wall. Santa Anna follows, as Susanna Dickenson, carrying her daughter Angelina, is brought limping with a wound in her calf out into the courtyard, appearing to be in shock as she steps over and around bodies. She passes Dorotea Esparza, kneeling by the body of her husband, WEEPING. A Mexican PRIVATE stands beside her, looking down sadly. The Subteniente passes-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
You! Gather a detail and put the bodies of the yanquis in a pile to burn them.

PRIVATE ESPARZA (Spanish)
Not this one.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
And why not?

PRIVATE ESPARZA (Spanish)
He's my brother.

The Subteniente sees Almonte wandering through the bodies-

SUBTENIENTE (exhilerated, Spanish)
A wonderful victory, no?

ALMONTE
Claro.

Almonte looks around at the carnage, mutters to himself-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
Another victory like this and we'll all go to the devil.

SANTA ANNA, COS

The Napoleon of the West stares down at the stiffening BODY of William Barret Travis, General Cos, still shaking from the battle, surveys the dozens of DEAD and WOUNDED MEXICAN TROOPERS around them. Joe stands to one side, nervous as passing soldiers glare at him-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
My boys have been slaughtered! The wounded- we have no surgeons-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
We'll have to leave them behind.

He turns to his brother-in-law-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Now we go after Houston.

We begin to RISE UP over the Alamo-

JOE (V.O.)
They piled up all the Texians and set fire to em. Their own dead-

107 EXT. SAN ANTONIO RIVER - DAY 107

We see BLOOD flowing into the water of the shallow river-

JOE (V.O.)
-mostly got throwed into the river.

A few bloody BODIES float past-

108 EXT. SICK ROOM - JOE 108

We see past several OFFICERS gawking at the blood-smeared wall above Bowie's bed, his body obscured from our view-

JOE (V.O.)
They let Mrs. Dickenson loose so's she could spread the word about what happened. And me-

We PAN to see Joe, deadpan, obediently standing outside the door, watching a half-dozen frightened Yucatan INDIANS hauling dead Texians away-

JOE (V.O.)
-they told me every man was free in the Republic of Mexico.

109 EXT. GONZALES - DAY 109

Matt does a three-line volley drill with a few hundred TEXIANS as TOWNSPEOPLE look on, Henry Karnes running them through their paces. Houston, dressed in a mix of Indian, Texian and Mexican styles, observes from his huge WHITE STALLION-

KARNES
First line aim- fire!

CLICKS as the first line fire with unloaded muskets-

KARNES
Reload. Second line- Fire! Reload. Third line---

Matt, in the third line, aims his musket-

MATT (V.O.)
Most all of the men from Gonzales had gone off in relief of the Alamo garrison-

GONZALES WOMEN

A quartet of GONZALES WOMEN talk with each other to one side of the drilling recruits, concerned about their men-

MATT (V.O)
-and their folks hadn't heard a word since. There was all sorts of rumors passin around, so General Houston-

Houston takes a sniff of HARTSHORN from a little vial-

MATT (V.O.)
-sent Deef Smith out to see for sure.

KARNES
Fire!

The men don't fire but put up their weapons as they see something ahead-

Karnes gapes as he sees-

-Deaf Smith leading Susanna and Angelina Dickenson down the street, a knot of TOWNSPEOPLE already moving alongside them. One PANICKED MAN runs ahead, SHOUTING-

PANICKED MAN
They're all dead! They took the Alamo an kilt ever one of em!

CRIES OF DESPAIR from the WOMEN OF GONZALES who were watching the drill, widows now-

The soldiers break rank, confused and angry. Matt just can't believe it-

We TIGHTEN on Sam Houston's face as he hears-

HOUSTON (horrified)
All of our men- murdered?!

DEAF SMITH
If anyone got clear, I sure couldn't find em. The Mexicans is on the move, comin this way-

More OUTCRIES of shock and panic, townspeople running toward their houses-

KARNES
What do we do now, General?

Houston doesn't respond. He expected casualties, surrender- but not this. We TIGHTEN on his face-

Seeing from his POV, the town full of running, shouting people BRIGHTENS, all SOUND FADES for a moment-

KARNES
General?

HOUSTON (softly)
Get the civilians together and put them in the baggage wagons.

Houston seems to snap out of it, shouting orders now-

HOUSTON
Sergeant Foster, take a detail and sink those cannon in the river! We're moving out immediately!

The General wheels his horse around-

HOUSTON
Burn whatever you can't carry! With haste, gentlemen!

110 EXT. CABIN - DAY 110

The Texian WOMAN we saw on the way to Gonzales throws the last few belongings onto a rickety wagon with her three tow-headed CHILDREN as in the BG her HUSBAND sets a torch to their dog-trot cabin-

MATT (V.O.)
News of the massacre thrown the whole countryside into a panic. What you couldn't carry you burnt and what you couldn't burn-

We PAN to see a line of Mexican DRAGOONS approaching on the horizon line-

MATT (V.O)
-the Mexicans was happy to make use of.

111 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 111

We start on a trail of DISCARDED BAGGAGE that litters a wagon-rut road, TILTING UP as it leads us to a hundred REFUGEES, Anglo and Tejano, moving away from us, in ox-carts, on horseback, on foot-

MATT (V.O)
We put all of Gonzales to the torch and then General Houston had us retreat towards the Colorado River-

ARMY COLUMN

Houston and his ragged army pass us over unbroken ground, mostly on foot, an ox-drawn AMMUNITION WAGON at the rear-

MATT (V.O.)
-which commenced what folks call the Runaway Scrape. It were a dark day for the Republic.

Deaf Smith, Juan Seguín and several VAQUEROS ride into the shot, looking behind them constantly, serving as a rear guard. BLACK SMOKE rises in the sky behind them-

112 EXT. MUDDY WOODS - MATT, TEXIAN ARMY - DAY 112

RAIN. Matt slogs through the muck in a sparse stand of TREES with the other DISPIRITED MEN, heads down, soaked to the bone-

MATT (V.O.)
It begun to rain, which made for slow goin and wet powder-

RIVER BANK - GENERAL COS

General Cos, none too happy, stares ahead at a WIDE, SWOLLEN RIVER that looks uncrossable. His TROOPS are ranged behind him, equally miserable-

MATT (V.O.)
-but it slowed Santa Anna's folks down too.

Santa Anna rides up with General CASTRILLÓN to halt beside his brother-in-law. They eye the swollen waters-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
We'll have to make rafts.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Houston is taking them to the United States border. The American Sixth Regiment is camped on the Sabine river, waiting for them.

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
If they cross-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
We'll catch them first.
(to Castrillón)
Leave the cannons behind!

The two subordinates trade a look of distress as their leader spurs his horse away-

113 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - EVENING 113

Matt works with other weary SOLDIERS in a clearing in the WOODS, listlessly putting up FIELD TENTS and improvised LEAN-TOS. Sidney Sherman stands nearby, politicking with some of the men-

SIDNEY SHERMAN
He knew those men would be murdered and he did nothing! And now he's got us running from those mongrels-

A few men glare as Houston passes on his horse, supervising the work-

HOUSTON
Shake a leg, boys. Feels like rain tonight.

He continues away, touching his hat to a group of two dozen grim-lipped TEXIANS walking in the opposite direction, lugging rifles and bedrolls-

HOUSTON
Welcome to the fold, gentlemen.

Matt recognizes several of the newcomers-

MATT
Jalen- Lester- good to see you- hey there, Mr. Shattuck-

SHATTUCK
Matthew-

SHATTUCK, a grim-visaged man in his 50's with a prospector beard, pauses to jaw with Matt-

MATT
I thought you didn't hold with this whole breakaway business.

SHATTUCK
Still don't. But them fellas at the Alamo--

He shakes his head-

SHATTUCK
Santa Anna got to pay for that.

MATT (V.O)
The folks joinin up brung us some awful news.

114 EXT. GOLIAD MISSION - DAY 114

Dozens of bedraggled-looking Texians march toward us through the sally port of the Goliad mission. None are armed-

MATT (V.O.)
Colonel Fannin finally marched his men out, trying to hook up with us at Gonzales.

We SHIFT to realize they are being escorted by MEXICAN SOLDIERS in PARADE DRESS-

RIVERSIDE

More Texians, also guarded by Mexican soldiers in parade dress, trudge alongside the RIVER-

MATT (V.O.)
They got caught in the open and took a licking and surrendered, thinking they'd be shipped back to America.

115 INT. GOLIAD OFFICER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 115

James Fannin, wounded but unbowed, sits having dinner with a smiling GENERAL URREA. White china, good wine-

MATT (V.O)
The Commandante tried his best to do just that. But Santa Anna had other plans for em-

RIVERSIDE

We're back with the men being marched out by the river-

MATT (V.O)
-and he had the final word.

The Mexicans all shift to one side of the Texians-

MATT (V.O.)
On Palm Sunday they was marched out-

The Mexicans halt, raise their muskets BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BAM! A VOLLEY cuts down the surprised Texians, a few trying to rush down to the river! These are chased and BAYONETTED-

MATT (V.O.)
-and shot dead. Colonel Fannin asked for a Christian burial-

116 GOLIAD MISSION COURTYARD 116

In the mission courtyard WOUNDED TEXIANS are being carried out two by two, sat in front of a blood-spattered wall, and executed.

MATT (V.O)
-and to pass his belongins back to his folks.

In the FG Fannin sits blindfolded tied in a chair, his wound not allowing him to stand. He is handing his POCKET WATCH to the OFFICER in charge. General Urrea, frowning, turns his back. The Officer signals- BLAM! a trio of MUSKETMEN shoot Fannin almost point-blank the face! The Officer looks at the watch, sticks it in his breast pocket-

MATT (V.O.)
He didn't get neither.

117 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - NIGHT 117

Jesús paces back and forth, standing sentry in front of the Mexican camp, TENTS in orderly rows out in the open, CAMPFIRES scattered among them-

MEXICAN CAMP

Santa Anna walks through the camp, trailed by his OFFICERS. Common soldiers jump to their feet and salute as he passes, even their women and children standing, a bit frightened to see the Supreme Leader so close-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
When Houston is threatened, he runs.

ALMONTE (Spanish)
We wanted them out of Texas.

Santa Anna nods to the saluting Subteniente as they pass-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Safe across the border to raise more troops, to return and cause more misery among our people? No- tomorrow I leave with the vanguard- seven hundred infantry, fifty dragoons, carrying only bedrolls and weapons! They will leave their women behind, no wagons to slow our pace-

SÁNCHEZ-NAVARRO (Spanish)
But if the rebels turn to fight-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Cowardice is a disease. Once afflicted, a man goes on to infect others around him.

He shakes his head-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
This man is no warrior.

118 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - NIGHT 118

A few pitiful FIRES scattered among the tents and lean-tos in the sparse woods, men huddled around them trying to stay warm-

119 INT. TENT - HOUSTON - NIGHT 119

Sam Houston sits on a cot studying a MAP by the light of a few CANDLES. THUNK! Something is thrown into the tent, we hear FOOTSTEPS of a man running away! Houston rises and picks up the object- a DEAD SKUNK with a NOTE tied around its neck- by the tail. He pulls off the note and flings the dead critter out into the night.

He sits by his candles to read the note. On the back of it is inked a crude SKULL AND CROSSBONES-

120 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - DISSIDENT OFFICERS - NIGHT 120

Two of the more impatient officers, Sidney Sherman and MOSELY BAKER, have fifty or more men gathered around their campfire-

BAKER
The Big Drunk hasn't stood and fought yet, even when the odds've been in our favor. What makes you think he'll fight now?

SIDNEY SHERMAN
If he orders retreat tomorrow we are willing to take action. Any of you men who wish to do what you enlisted for and kill Mexicans are welcome to follow us-

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Good evening, gentlemen.

All eyes turn as Houston steps forward into the light. No telling how long he's been out there, listening. He makes a show of warming his hands over the fire. He carries no knife, no pistol-

HOUSTON
Nice to have a decent fire for a change. And these woods will make good cover if General Santa Anna should happen to catch up to us.

SIDNEY SHERMAN
We've been running away too fast for anyone to catch us.

Houston pretends to ignore the remark. He fishes the note out of his pocket-

HOUSTON
I have just recieved a warning-

He holds the note up-

HOUSTON
-that I have been marked for assassination.

Eyes turn to Sherman and Baker, who say nothing-

HOUSTON
A certain 'dirty polecat' is mentioned, but I assume that refers to me.

A few men laugh-

SIDNEY SHERMAN
Then it might behoove you, sir, to carry a weapon.

HOUSTON
If I am to be murdered from behind it will do me no good.

SIDNEY SHERMAN
And if someone were to question your courage face to face?

Houston looks to Sherman, pulls open his jacket-

HOUSTON
My courage is carved upon my breast, sir.

Houston is bare-chested under the jacket. In the FIRELIGHT we get a good look at the half-dozen BULLET SCARS that mark him-

HOUSTON
Duelling is for peacocks.

He tosses the note onto the fire and steps away into the night-

HOUSTON
I suggest you get some rest, gentlemen.

The men watch him go, some resentful, all impressed-

The skull and bones on the note GLOWS WITH FLAME-

121 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 121

Deserted San Felipe. The shacks are now SMOLDERING RUINS. A lone HOG roots through the debris for scraps-

MATT (V.O.)
We kept runnin back through San Felipe and burnt that, and our new government-

122 EXT. GALVESTON BAY ROWBOAT - DAY 122

A pair of WOODEN BOATS carrying Burnet, Robinson, Lorenzo de Zavala, Henry Smith, a few WOMEN and some DELEGATES we've seen before, are frantically rowed out toward a low island-

MATT (V.O.)
-got chased all the way to Galveston Island.

123 EXT. ROAD - DAY 123

A party of twenty more NEWCOMERS step through the trees to join the main column-

MATT (V.O)
Men that hadn't been in Texas moren a few weeks commenced to join up, men that hadn't never been to Béxar nor Goliad but knew they wanted revenge.

SIDE OF ROAD

We shoot past Houston on his stallion waiting at the side of the road. The TEXIAN ARMY marches toward him-

MATT (V.O)
There was a rumor we might march all the way cross the border to lay low in the U.S. for a spell.

Plenty of muttering and dirty looks directed toward the General as the men pass-

MATT (V.O)
The fellas said if Houston didn't have the stomach to fight, they'd do it without him. It was close to mutiny, and whatever the General thought about it-

Houston cuts himself a chaw of tobacco with his whittling knife, sticks it in his jaw, face revealing no emotion-

MATT (V.O.)
-he kept it to himself.

124 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP, BUFFALO BAYOU WOODS - EVENING 124

The Texians have camped in a stand of huge OAK TREES hanging with Spanish moss. Tents are set up and most of the men are cleaning their rifles in hopes of battle-

MATT (V.O.)
We were at Lynch's Ferry by the San Jacinto River-

Deaf Smith rides in with a captured COURIER, hands tied behind him, his horse bearing a familiar-looking SADDLE-

MATT (V.O.)
-when Deef Smith brung in a fella he'd captured-

COMMAND TENT - SMITH, HOUSTON, MEN

Men crowd around as Juan Seguin interrogates the frightened Courier, who sees nothing but murderous Texians around him-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
How many men are in the vanguard?

COURIER
Más que setecientos. Y el General Cos nos va a reunir con quinientos más.

HOUSTON (understands)
Over a thousand if Cos joins them.

Matt is off to the side a bit, examining the SADDLEBAGS on the Courier's horse-

DEAF SMITH (O.S.)
¿Artilería?

COURIER (O.S.)
Nomás que un cañón-

MATT
Hey General-

The men look toward Matt, surprised to be interrupted-

MATT
I seen these saddlebags before.

Houston steps close to look-

The saddlebags are monogrammed- 'W. B. TRAVIS'-

HOUSTON
Travis--

COURIER (terrified)
¡Mi no Alamo!

The surrounding Texians press a little closer, glaring-

HOUSTON
Kindly ask the gentleman where he last saw General Santa Anna.

SEGUÍN
¿Y dónde está el general Santa Anna?

COURIER
Con nosotros en adelante- no muy lejos de aquí.

We TIGHTEN on Sam Houston's face as Seguín translates-

SEGUÍN
Santa Anna is leading the vanguard. He's right behind us.

125 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP, BUFFALO BAYOU - NIGHT 125

Juan Seguín, Antonio Menchaca and the rest of the twenty-odd TEJANOS in camp. They sit around their fire as Seguín passes out PLAYING CARDS-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
If we get into a fight our men may start shooting any Mexican they see. Put one of these on your hat-

MENCHACA (Spanish)
One on the front and one on the back-

LAUGHTER-

HOUSTON

Sam Houston stands just out of the light, eavesdropping on the Mexicans. He steps away, deep in thought, passing groups of men cleaning their weapons, sitting and chatting, gambling with dice-

SNOPES (O.S.)
One more day of this shit an I'm headin back to Kentucky-

RECRUIT (O.S.)
And the Big Drunk'll be right behind you.

Derisive LAUGHTER-

We TIGHTEN on Houston's face as SOUNDS of BATTLE rise on the TRACK-

126 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, HORSESHOE BEND (FLASHBACK) 126

YOUNG SAM HOUSTON, an ensign, SCREAMS in pain as a LIEUTENANT tries to extricate an ARROW from his thigh. All around them white REGULARS battle CREEK WARRIORS-

LIEUTENANT
You need a surgeon!

HOUSTON
Pull it out!

The Lieutenant grasps the arrow by the shaft, yanks- Houston ROARS as a geyser of BLOOD shoots out from his leg!

127 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - NIGHT (PRESENT) 127

Houston leans a hand on a tree for support, unsettled by the memory. The BATTLE SOUNDS return-

128 EXT. BATTLEFIED, HORSESHOE BEND (FLASHBACK) 128

Houston, hobbling with his leg tightly BANDAGED now, finds his men pinned down, hiding from MUSKET-FIRE behind narrow saplings which provide inadequate cover-

HOUSTON
Up! All of you! After me!

SOLDIER
They're dug in awful tight, sir-

HOUSTON
And how do you suggest we get them out?

With that he clambers down the slope of the ravine, half-dragging his wounded leg, waving the men on with his SWORD-

HOUSTON
After me, all of you!

Houston lurches to the bottom of the ravine, stops only twenty yards from the enemy's felled-tree REDOUBT-

HOUSTON
Volley formation!

He senses something wrong, looks back-

None of the men have followed him!

Resigned, the young ensign turns to meet his fate-

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! MUSKET-FLASH from between the branches of the redoubt! Houston is spun around, hit in the chest and arm by several musket balls-

MATT (O.S.)
General?

129 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - NIGHT (PRESENT) 129

Matt sits on a dead log near a tiny fire, only a few feet from the General-

MATT
You feelin dizzy?

Houston straightens, snaps back to the present-

HOUSTON
I'm fine-

MATT
Seems like near half the company come down with the bloody flux.

Houston sees Matt's bare, blistered feet, his eager boy's face-

HOUSTON
How old are you, son?

MATT
Sixteen-

HOUSTON (nods)
I was about that age when I abandoned the hearth. Gathered my small bundle of literature and crossed the river to dwell among the Cherokee.
(he smiles wistfully)
'Halcyon days--'

MATT
That took some nerve I bet.

HOUSTON
And a rather outsized opinion of myself.

Matt smiles, uneasy-

HOUSTON (haltingly)
I know- that a lot of the men believe I could have done something to save those men in the Alamo.

MATT
Some do.

HOUSTON (nods)
And you?

MATT (on the spot)
I'm just a private, sir-

HOUSTON
We would have been on the enemy's terrain, far from any supply, dead-tired and without artillery. Precisely the situation General Santa Anna is in now.

MATT
We gonna fight him?

HOUSTON (musing, undecided)
Our forces, for the moment, are equal. But even if be beat them, unless we capture the king---

Houston thinks for a moment, recalling-

HOUSTON
I was- wounded in the Red Stick campaign-

MATT
The Battle of Horseshoe Bend.

HOUSTON (nods)
Wounds that have not healed to this day. Battle- is a terrible thing. Once you've committed to it---

MATT
Yes, sir.

HOUSTON
It is so very hard to maintain your honor- without losing your life. For life without honor----

He seems to drift off into a dark place, then focusses again on Matt-

HOUSTON
Do you know what we're fighting for?

MATT
Sir?

HOUSTON
Texas could be- it could be the place where all our ideals are brought to fruition. The place where all our sins are washed away---

Houston trails off, Matt trying to make sense of it-

MATT
That's an awful tall order, General. Most of us is just- you know- fellas.

HOUSTON (smiles)
'There is strength in the union of even very sorry men.'

130 EXT. SAVANNAH GRASS - NIGHT 130

Deaf Smith and Henry Karnes pop their heads up from the tall savannah grass, watching-

Just down the hill from them we see the CAMPFIRES of a large MEXICAN CAMP. TIME PASSES quickly as the SKY LIGHTENS to DAWN. We hear TROOPS MOVING IN-

131 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - DAWN 131

Jesús, now wearing a hand-me-down UNIFORM, and an extremely fatigued COLUMN of SOLDIERS under General Cos march into the Mexican camp. SANTA ANNA's MEN are relaxing- their ARMS STACKED, cutting wood, cooking breakfast, CAVALRYMEN grooming their horses, coatless in the early morning sun. Oxen graze unhitched from their wagons. An OFFICER calls out to the SUBTENIENTE at the head of Jesús' platoon-

OFFICER (Spanish)
Welcome to the chase. You look worn out.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
We marched through the night. Where can we put up our tents?---

OFFICER (Spanish)
You can sleep in ours. Nothing's happening.

SUBTENIENTE (calls to platoon)
¡Tropa parada! Aquí vivacuamos.

The men fall out, too tired to do anything but slump to the ground. The SOLDADO next to Jesús looks around, troubled, seeing the boggy ground and shallow LAKE behind them-

SOLDADO (Spanish)
What are we doing in a swamp?

COMMAND TENT - COS AND SANTA ANNA

The Supreme General greets his brother-in-law-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
A splendid march! Your men will rest and we'll deal with those thieves tomorrow.

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
I've heard from home- Barragán has died. They need you to return and run the country.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
But I <u>am</u> the country.

Cos is too weary to react to his General's boast-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
Is there any coffee left?

132 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - DAY 132

Texian soldiers mutter and glare as Sam Houston walks between formed ranks. They've been standing there for a long time.

Houston gives no sign of his intentions as he mounts his horse-

He looks his gathered troops over,waits till he has everyone's absolute attention-

HOUSTON
Gentlemen-- the hour is at hand.

133 EXT. SAVANNAH - DAY 133

We CRANE UP over the semi-tropical LONG GRASS, revealing Sam Houston up on his white stallion, dressed for battle, leading four columns of TEXIANS forward. A team pulls the two 6-pound CANNON at the center of one column, and to the far left Texian HORSEMEN ride parallel through a STAND OF TREES-

Matt moves forward, nervous, excited-

Houston raises his hand to HALT-

The Texians halt on top of a slight hill-

We shoot past the front row of Texians down the hill, CRANING UP to see a low BARRICADE of pack saddles and camp equipment that marks the edge of the Mexican encampment-

J.C. NEILL and his crew turn the two cannon around-

Matt waits, nervous-

Juan Seguín and twenty TEJANOS stand ready. Each has at least one playing card pinned to his hat. Menchaca, taking no chances, has a half-dozen-

Henry Karnes and Sam Maverick, who were there to take Béxar, wait for the order-

The Texians are a mixed bunch- a few 'deserters' in U.S. Army uniforms, buckskinned frontiersmen, desert rats, townspeople, land speculators, a few free black men, spiffily-uniformed volunteers from New Orleans and Kentucky, old men, smooth-faced boys, men with beards and fur caps- all waiting-

Houston makes one signal and a four-man FIFE AND DRUM CORPS begin to play the lilting *Come to the Bower.* He signals again-

BLAM! BLAM! Neill's cannon speak, and things go flying on the Mexican barricade!

HOUSTON
Forward, men! Steady now-

The Texians start walking forward. There is a POPPING of MUSKET FIRE from the Mexican position, balls riffling through the grass around them. The men walk closer, closer-

HOUSTON
Volley formation!

The front row of men kneel and aim, the men behind aiming over their shoulders-

HOUSTON
Fire!

BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BAM! The VOLLEY rips into the few MEXICAN DEFENDERS who peek over the barricade to fire-

HOUSTON
Resume advance! Steady-

Matt gets up from his knee, nervously reloading as he walks-

Houston looks down the line of his troops, uneven now as the Mexican musket fire begins to find its mark-

HOUSTON
Forward, gentlemen, forward- and remember the Alamo!

The TEXIAN next to Matt picks up the cry-

SNOPES
Remember the Alamo!

The CRY is taken up by the whole line as they break rank and charge forward, WHOOPING, drawing out knives and tomahawks-

TEXIANS
Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!

Matt is swept forward with the mass of them-

Houston struggles to control his mount as the men rush SCREAMING past him-

HOUSTON
Form ranks! Form ranks! Discipline, men, discipline!

PASSING TEXIAN
Outa the way, General!

HOUSTON
Damn your manners!

Houston pulls out his pistol, spurs his horse forward into battle-

BARRICADE

The Texians fly over the barricade like it wasn't there, butting, shooting, chopping, stabbing at the meager force on duty up front-

General Castrillón desperately tries to push the CREW back to the Mexicans' single CANNON-

GENERAL CASTRILLÓN
¡A sus posiciones, soldados! ¡Coraje!

But the terrified men bolt and run, leaving him alone by the cannon to face the tide of enemies. He calmly raises a pistol but is RIDDLED with Texian GUNFIRE. The Texians rush past, whooping, a few stopping to turn the cannon around toward the Mexicans-

SNOPES
No quarter! Kill em all!

Matt races through the Mexican camp. WHAP! He swings his rifle like a baseball bat, knocking down a Mexican SOLDIER trying to get a shot off. His rifle broken in two, he continues running with the others, scooping up a discarded MUSKET with attached BAYONET. BAM! A Mexican OFFICE fires a PISTOL at him point blank, the FLASH burning and blackening his cheek. The man behind him bayonets the officer and Matt keeps running, dazed-

TENTS

Half-undressed, bleary-eyed new arrivals crawl out of their tents as they hear the RUCKUS at the other end of camp. Jesús is barefoot, shirtless, the suspenders of his ragged uniform pants drooping-

SOLDADO
¡Vienen los gringos!

Jesús and the others rush for their stacked weapons-

MELEE - HOUSTON

Houston wheels about on his stallion, saber drawn, as Texians run every whichway around him, intent on slaughter-

HOUSTON
Regroup, men! We'll be outflanked!

WHAP! A musket ball slams into his ankle, BLOOD SPRAYING! Houston ROARS in pain as WHAP! WHAP! the stallion is hit twice and goes down, Houston rolling away from it and immediately hopping up on one foot-

HOUSTON
Regroup!

BLAM! Houston draws his pistol and shoots a Mexican soldier charging him with a bayonet. Deaf Smith dashes up and dismounts-

DEAF SMITH
Take mine, General!

HOUSTON
Is the bridge out?

DEAF SMITH
We burnt it! We got em trapped against the water!

COMMAND TENT - SANTA ANNA

Santa Anna, half-dressed, strides out of his plush, carpeted tent, astonished to see men streaming past on horse and foot-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
What is this? Hold your ground!

But even his ADJUTANTS and PERSONAL STAFF are beating a hasty retreat. Santa Anna flags down a RUNAWAY HORSE and throws himself up on it, galloping away-

EDGE OF LAKE - MELEE - VARIOUS SHOTS

The Texians have backed the panicked Mexicans up to the swampy little LAKE behind them, many sloshing in and trying to swim away. Those who turn and raise their arms in surrender plead '*Mi no Alamo, mi no La Bahía!*' The Texians coldly shoot them all down. Others hack and mutilate the bodies of the already slain, a few taking scalps-

A pistol-wielding Texian drags a terrified DRUMMER BOY out from the water by the ankle, the boy SCREAMING-

DRUMMER BOY
¡Ave María Purissima, salva mi vida!

BLAM! The Texian calmly shoots him in the temple-

SEGUÍN, TEJANOS

Seguín and his TEJANOS, mixed in with dozens of TEXIANS, surround a group of more than a hundred MEXICANS, rapidly DISARMING them-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Throw down your guns! Quick!

COS, TEXIANS

The pair of Texians shove General Cos in front of them, his hands clasped behind his head-

RECRUIT
I say we skin him.

2ND TEXIAN
As long as I git the ears- move along there, greaser!

He gives Cos a vicious shove just as Houston rides past on Smith's horse, shouting-

HOUSTON
Spare the officers, damn you! We need Santa Anna!

MARSH

Matt is slogging through a stretch of marsh full of tall *CARRIZO* (river cane), face blackened, eyes dazed, in a kind of automatic-pilot mode. He is carrying the musket with bayonet. He slows, listens- a CRACKLING to one side. He steps cautiously- Jesús steps right in front of him, both of them startled! Matt jabs the bayonet hard into Jesús's thigh just as BLAM! Jesús FIRES his musket point-blank into Matt's shoulder! They both fall backwards into the muck-

BATTLEFIELD - HIGH ANGLE

We FLOAT over the battlefield, BODIES of dead Mexican soldiers scattered everywhere, Texians checking them for signs of life and hunting for souvenirs-

MATT (V.O.)
The whole deal lasted less than twenty minutes. We only had six killed to more'n five hundred of theirs. We rounded up most of the ones that run off.

HOUSTON, MEN

A few Texians help the wounded Houston off his third horse of the day, the General surveying the grisly battlefield-

MATT (V.O.)
General Houston said we whupped em good, but if we didn't catch Santa Anna it was all for nothin-

TEXIAN CAMP

Santa Anna, head down, wearing raggedy CIVILIAN CLOTHES, is pushed by a grizzled old TEXIAN toward a sitting group of despondent MEXICAN PRISONERS-

MATT (V.O.)
And if his own sojers hadn't been trained so well he might've slipped past us.

A wounded PRIVATE recognizes his commander and jumps to his feet, saluting-

PRIVATE
Mi General!

Others immediately follow example, shouting out-

PRISONERS (Spanish)
Our General has been spared! *Viva Santa Anna!*

Santa Anna closes his eyes in despair as the Texian grabs him by the neck-

COMMAND TENT

Houston, his wounded ankle propped up, chews on a small black BALL of OPIUM as Colonel Almonte translates for the terrified Santa Anna. Santa Anna is trembling, half the camp ringed around with murder in their eyes-

HOUSTON
You have the choice of dealing with me or with-

He looks to the furious Texians-

HOUSTON
-or with my associates here.

ALMONTE
Los gringos quieren deguellar a usted, mi General.

HOUSTON
Now- at such time as the other officers under your command have marched their people below the Río Grande, we shall consider continuing negotiations with the government of-

ALMONTE
Excuse me, General Houston-

Santa Anna is whispering to Almonte, who nods, then points to Houston's medication-

ALMONTE
He wonders if you might share a bit of your opium. For the nerves?

MATT (V.O.)
It was all over but the speeches.

134 EXT. SWAMP - EVENING 134

We hear FROGS chirping as the SUN SETS over the carrizo-

Matt and Jesús lie where we last saw them, breathing with some difficulty, too hurt to move. They are both sitting up against the cane, looking at each other with slightly glazed eyes. Matt finally speaks, softly-

MATT (Spanish)
Where you come from, friend?

Jesús looks around weakly-

JESÚS (Spanish)
From here. I'm a Texan.

Matt nods slowly-

MATT
Yeah. Me too.

FADE TO BLACK - CREDITS